JULY 9 — 15, 1977

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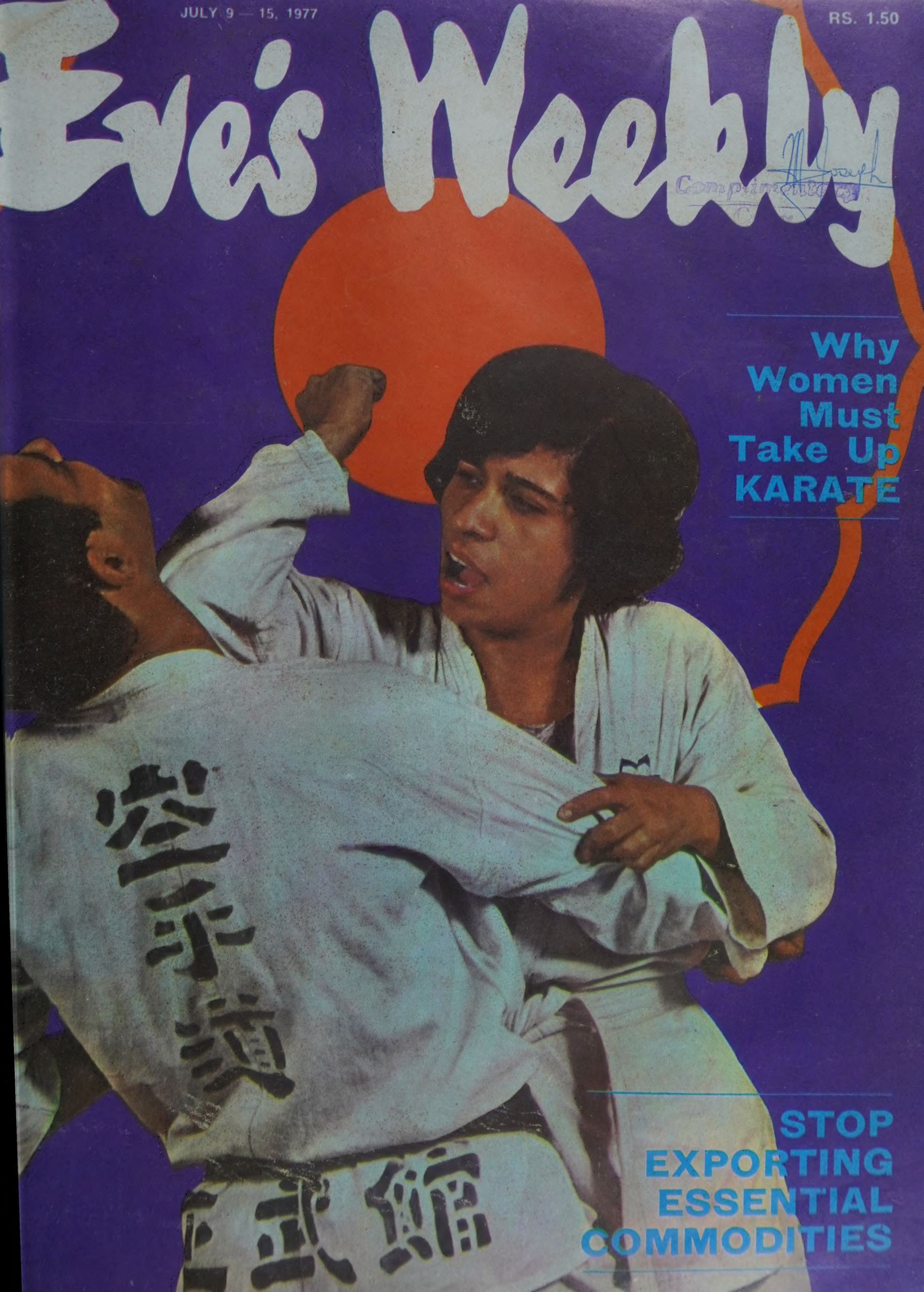

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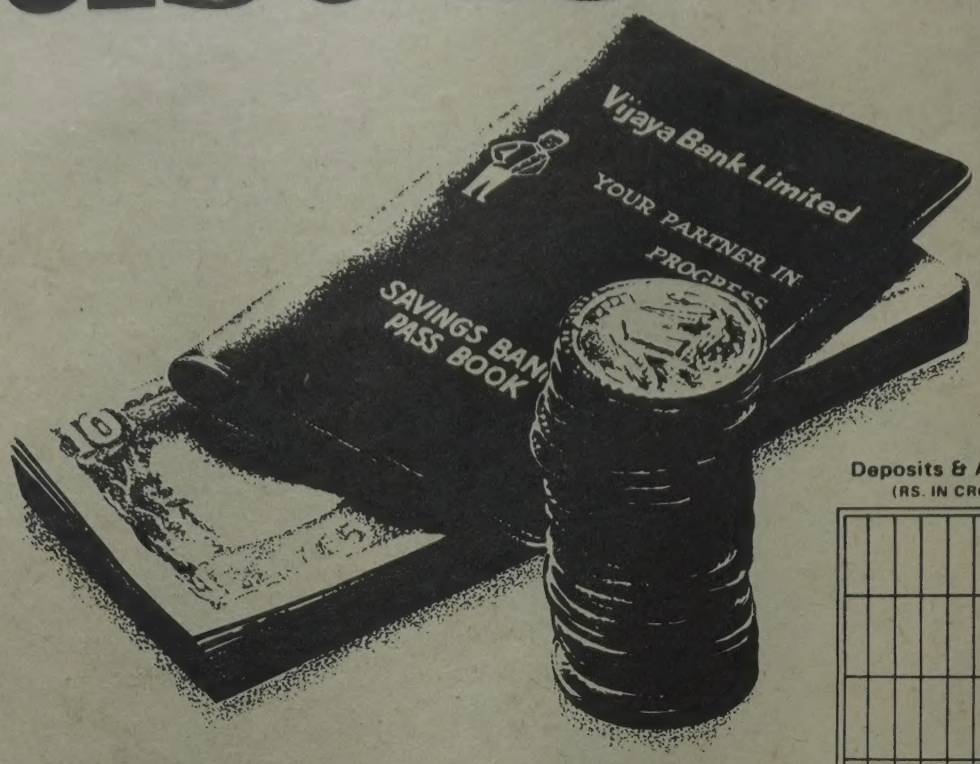

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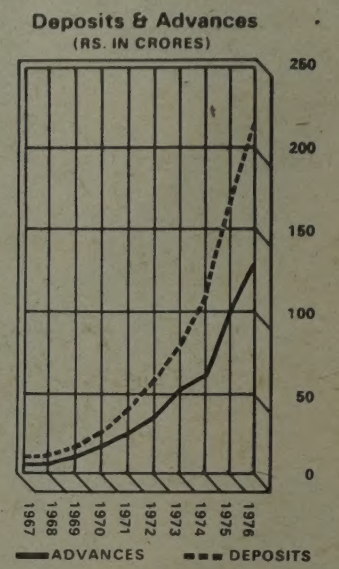

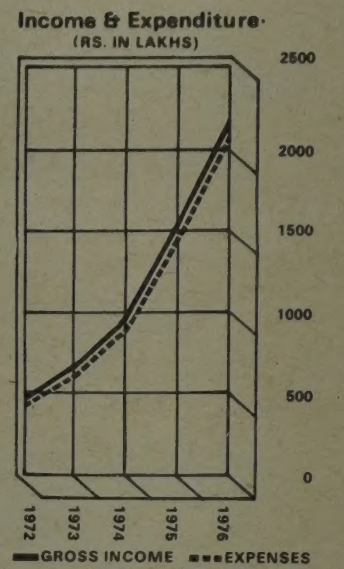

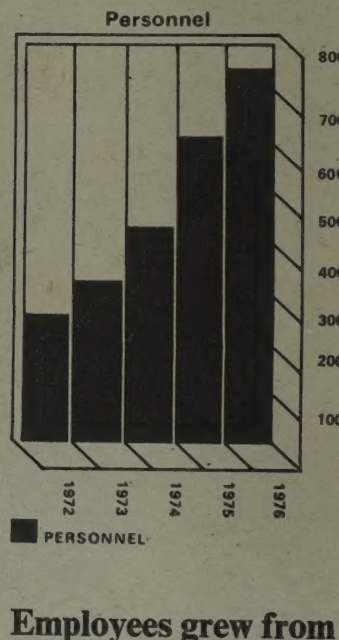

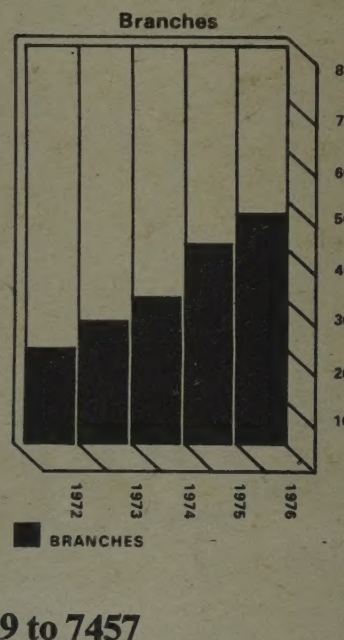

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MEHROO & PERVEZ MISTRY

An eye for an eye... Talk about equality between the sexes — intellectual, emotional, even physical. Whoever said man was psysically superior to woman? On our cover this week Perviz, an exponent of judo and karate, a fighting black belt holder of the third degree, is seen attacking his pupil-wife, a blue belt holder in judo, with a punch! She, in self-defence, blocks him off with her left hand and puts him down with her right elbow on his collar bone!

Mehroo, who has reached the students' second grade in karate, works as a secretary in a leading pharmaceutical concern, looks after her husband, home and child, advocates this art/sport to Indian women. It can come handy when confronted by housebreakers, Eve-teasers and the like. And, she maintains, it also helps in the development of one's personality. Read more about them on page 24.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

THE REAL SITA

Marabel Morgan's book "The Total Woman" (Eve's Weekly June 4) is a startling example of how ideas, ideals and concepts travel full circle! What emerges clearly from this is that it is not the qualities—sagacity, patience, forbearance—that are to be deprecated, but the attitude taken towards them. The practice of these virtues has been, through the ages, the onerous duty of women and not that of men, so much so they are described as feminine attributes today. What needs to be remembered is that they are human qualities and for any successful relationship, have to be practised (regardless of sex) by those involved in it.

Again, to my mind at least, Sita was no unchanging monument to patience, drinking the bitter cup of suffering to the sad end. She endured a lonely life in the forests for the sake of her young sons, whose sole guardian she had become. Only when they came of age did she seek out her husband, so that they might come by their rightful inheritance. Her duty done, she chose to end her life rather than live with a man who had humiliated her and doubted her faith. The real Sita was thus a born and intrepid fighter, not the pale, silent sufferer that she is popularly and, conveniently, made out to be!

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

Yes, we do think conceptions of Sita vary according to the convenience of those who "tell the tale". So far, Sita has been a handy peg, for all kinds of sermonizing, while the Rams have got off scot-free.

2nd prize

GODLIER THAN GODMEN

Recently, I saw the film "Shirde Ke Sai Baba" along with some friends. It is not my intention to discuss here the authenticity or otherwise of all the miracles attributed to him in the film. But what struck me forcibly was this: before the film started, we were shown 'Love in Action'—a feature depicting Mother Teresa's life and her matchless service to the suffering humanity. To me this polite, sweet 'foreign' lady who gives solace to the dying, is godlier than all our godmen, living or dead. When I said this aloud, my friends were shocked. Isn't it sad that while we are prepared to worship our miracle-makers for their supernatural powers, we are not prepared to recognise and appreciate a fellow human being for her very human qualities?

This can only mean that we are only too glad to have miracles happen to us, rather than contribute our mite to make things easier for our less fortunate brethren. For, while we can all follow Mother Teresa's example in our own small ways, how many of us can aspire to the powers which the Babas claim to possess?

Our film producers, who control one of the most powerful of mass media, should try to make meaningful films about our godly men and women, who can serve as examples, rather than on the highly controversial Godmen. Such films only succeed in making an already superstitious nation, more superstitions.

Nirupama Rao, Bhopal

We endorse everything you have said. Emulating the petite Mother would certainly be more fruitful and rewarding than waiting for miracles induced by doubtful Godmen.

3rd prize

UN-COVER-ED

I must confess I am just a Plain Jane. . . which debars me from adorning your Cover page.

Incidentally, your Cover of Mother Teresa was a refreshing change from the usual 'chocolate box' posers, picked mostly from the upper strata of society, with their sophisticaed careers and expensive tastes. Why don't you give us women we can identify with in our mundane life? There are hordes of them, if you care to look behind bank counters, typewriters, telephoneboards and in front of black-boards, hospital beds, etc. Sometimes, you could even portray a sturdy construction worker, a coquettish fisherwoman or a buxom servant girl. These women may lack the glitter, but they must have something in them to fight the vagaries of life and still hope for better days.

Eve's Weekly is a soothing balm to millions of women today, caught in the whirlpool of the fight for equality and, as such it does not need extra gloss.

Nina Mac, Bombay

Frankly, our Covers are devised for visual appeal, and much more frankly, they are a vital selling point. However, we do depart from the pure visual to other spheres: we've had Satya Sai Baba and Satyajit Ray and Khushwant Singh . . .even Sanjay Gandhi when we felt he was projecting the youth of our country. We've had the dynamic Roza Deshpande and the firebrand Mrinal Gore. We've had a forlorn "jopadpatti" woman with her sad-eyed children. And, of course, we've had Mother Teresa. As for nurses, teachers, secretaries—we've had them all, in our magazine and we've given them more coverage than we give our Cover Girls.

NO REASON, WHY

This refers to your interesting feature on I-Ching (May 28). Astrology has always been an intriguing science, and its various forms have seldom failed to tickle the brain. I am sure, all of us have, at some time or the other, pondered upon the validity of these theories. People who condemn them categorically, nevertheless, fall prey to some other form of superstition. The crux of the matter is this: not everything can be explained by reason. It is said that truth sometimes lies beyond the realm of reason, in the region of sheer faith.

I-Ching, unlike the others, is something novel and highly intriguing—it has an air of mystery about it. However, to my mind, tossing three coins to decide one's fate is just about the funniest, stupidest thing I've come across. The mathematical probability involved, the 64 different combinations and their various interpretations, are all too much to swallow.

However, I know of certain people who fervently believe in the I-Ching philosophy. Out of reverence to these people, and the ancient, Chinese philosopher, I shouldn't mock this faith.

Ms. Devi Menon, Calcutta

Why, you have a right to mock. Don't we all mock certain faiths and beliefs, in certain circumstances? You find I-Ching funny; others find the regular forecasts in the papers excruciatingly hilarious; still others find the "babas" plain hoaxes. To each, his own. . .

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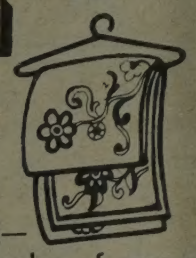

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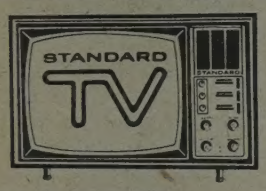

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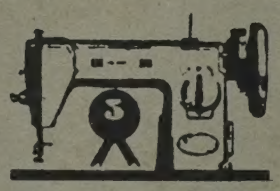

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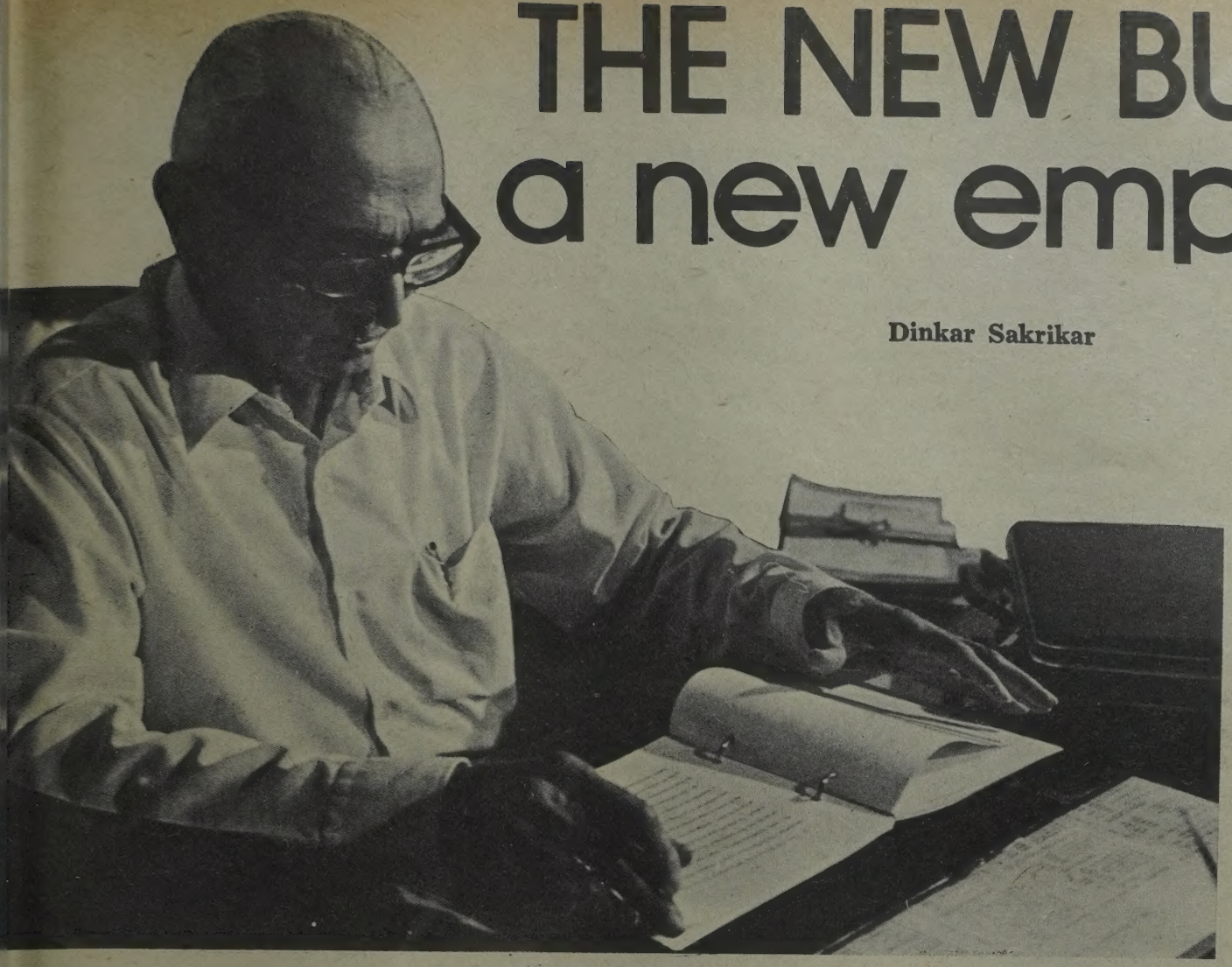
THE NEW BUDGET— a new emphasis?



Mr. H. M. Patel

Dinkar Sakrikar

You know — the new budget a very peculiar thing. One od young thing said it was a ghtist budget — whatever that ay be! Then some one said was just window-dressing. We ought it was more of an anual "undressing" of the governent, revealing its till-then sect plans to grab people's moy — hard-earned or not so rd-earned. Then the Indian press said it was an unexciting dget, which seems to be somehat true, because this budget as caused hardly any excitement in the shopping centres of e town. Even the bulls and e bears of the share-market ere not agitated.

The question is: what has Mr. atel, the Finance Minister and thor of the budget, done to read so much unexcitement? his is the first budget of the anata Government and the rst of Mr. H. M. Patel, who also Finance Minister, for the rst time. What is he trying do to us, the people, and the untry's economy?

Mr. Patel has made some ery interesting statements. He ys he believes in an open soety, as against the closed soety "that wicked woman" ought to impose. This open soety, says Mr. Patel, cannot securely established unless overty, ignorance and disease re banished from this land. He iterates the Janata manifesto, hich talks of equal emphasis bread and liberty. He wants accelerate the pace of economic progress, but also to ensure that the fruits of progress re equitably distributed. He has rejected, it would seem, the "cake" theory, and has adopted, instead, a policy of distributive justice.

FULFILLING PROMISES

Mr. Patel seems to be a rather old fashioned gentleman, keen on fulfilling the promises made to the electrorate in the Janata manifesto.

In the economic sphere, the Janata manifesto had pledged to "accord primacy to agriculture and rural reconstruction." These, the manifesto said, "constitute the base of our development and planning."

As an example of how rural development has been neglected, it cites the deplorable fact that, in 116,000 villages, drinking water facilities are not available — this after 25 years of planning.

Mr. Patel tells us that during the last 15 years, nearly one-third of the districts have recorded virutally no growth. Also, there has been uneven growth— for some states have developed while there has been no growth in other areas. The consequence has been that more and more people have been pushed below the poverty line. Their number is estimated at 25 crores.

This is a disastrous situation and Mr. Patel says it is this intolerable state of affairs that has impelled people to demand a reorientation of economic policies. He says the massive mandate that the people gave the Janata party was not just a vote against authoritarianism.

"It was also a menifestation of our peoples' desire for a reorientation and reshaping of our economic policies so as to bring about the speedy elimination of poverty and destitution." The Janata pledge is to end destitution in ten years.

So, now we can answer with some certainty the question of what Mr. Patel is up to — whether he has produced a rightist budget, a middle-of-the road budget and/or an exciting one!

All that he has tried to do is to initiate the process of re-shaping economic policies and giving a new direction to planning. This re-shaping means a new scale of priorities. And there, too, he has only made an initial effort. He himself admits, "It has not been possible for me to recast the entire fiscal structure in line with our declared priorities." The Times of India Editor appropriately called the new budget a "First Step."

SMALL MERCIES

In this, his first step, Mr. Patel has offered some small mercies to us, the common people.

The first is the promised increase in the income tax rate slab from Rs. 8000 to Rs. 10,000. No income tax until you cross the Rs. 10,000 slab but, when you do, then the tax-deductions will be calculated on the excess over Rs. 8000 and not over Rs. 10,000.

This was rather mean. In actual figures this works out to an increase of Rs. 2 if the annual income is more than Rs. 10,000 by just Rs. 550, but when the level of Rs. 15,000 is reached, the increase in tax liability will come to Rs. 53. So, if you don't want to pay income tax don't raise your taxable income beyond Rs. 10,000 — you cross the limit and Mr. Patel starts picking your pocket.

All finance ministers of whatever hue or complexion, have this nasty habit. When, with one hand, they give you something, the other hand is always manipulated to take away some part of it. So it is with prices. Unlike in the past, the pre-budget days and the days immediately after the announcement did not bring a flurry of activity. There were no sudden shortages, no anxiety over whether a tin of Dalda or a tin of Postman would be available at all (and, if yes, at what prices). The prices have not fluctuated as a result of the budget.

Mr. Patel has managed to keep the deficit down to Rs. 72 crores, which is negligible. He has also scrupulously avoided resorting to (i.e. when the government prints extra money, without proper backing in goods or gold, in order to balance its income and expenditure) deficit financing, which causes inflation and rising prices. He is also determined to cut down inessential governmental expenditure by Rs. 130 crores, and the defence expenditure is also going to be reduced by about Rs. 57 crores.

So, by controlling expenditure which is unproductive, he has tried to keep in chain the monster of inflation. The small step he has taken is so designed as to avoid placing additional burdens on the consumer.

So far, so good. But then the other hand comes out to seek the money required for development. We will have to pay more for our radios, transistors and TV sets. And, of course, for our cigarettes and bidis too.

All Indian finance ministers, even when they belong to the smokers' fraternity, make indulgence in this minor vice ever so costly. Mr. Patel has doubled the levy on cigarettes and bidis alike, so both the urban and rural smokers will suffer equally. Real equality!

But there is a significant and good feature in the scheme of taxation adopted by Mr. Patel. He has endeavoured to establish a new balance between direct taxes paid by the affluent sections and indirect taxes recover-

THE NEW BUDGET— a new emphasis?

ed from us common consumers. His estimated tax-proceeds are targeted to bring in a total of Rs. 130 crores. Of this, the yield from direct taxes will be Rs. 92 crores and from indirect taxes Rs. 38 crores. A lesser burden is imposed on the common man.

His proposals for new taxes do not impinge on the necessities of life. His policy is to raise resources from the "less essential" (cigarettes and bidis?) "luxury items" (T.V. transistors, calculators). He has, on the whole, observed this policy. But his anxiety to control inflationary trends in the economy has caused him to throw in another shocking proposal in the budget — the dreaded and despised CDS (Compulsory Deposit Scheme) for income tax payers earning more than Rs. 15000 is to continue for another two years.

So a little more income tax and continued CDS deduction, that is Mr. Patel's scheme for the middle class — certainly not an exciting prospect but nothing over which one need get too agitated. In a developing society which is committed to achieving a rapid and balanced growth in both agriculture and industry, all sections of the people are required to make certain sacrifices and observe a certain measure of austerity. As long as these burdens are equitably distributed, one really cannot grudge these impositions.

SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT

More savings and more investment are two overriding concerns of Mr. Patel. For this purpose he has made several changes in the tax-structure as well as in excise duties.

The rate of the surcharge on income tax in the case of all taxpayers except companies has been increased from ten per cent to 15 per cent. The rates of wealth taxes have been raised for the higher slab by half per cent and, for those earning above 15 lakhs, the rate will be 3.5 per cent. This cannot be regarded as a very drastic change.

To promote savings, the capital gains tax has been restructured. The exemption from this levy is extended to several other assets besides residential property, provided the gains are invested in shares or units or bank deposits for a period of at least three years.

There is also a proposal to increase the investment allowance of companies that produce goods based on indigenous know-how. The import duty on copper used in the manufacture of heavy electrical machinery at home will be reduced. This opens up new vistas of opportunities for young enterprising engineers and scientists.

This is Mr. Patel's plan for encouraging saving and investment: exemption from capital gains tax, extension of the scope of investment allowances, and support for indigenous technology. These are the important measures calculated to create revenues and at the same time encourage savings and investment.

REACTIONS

Of course, his scheme has not met with approval from bodies of manufacturers. The Indian Merchants' Chamber President, Mr. P. C. Jain, feels that the increase in the rate of income tax surcharge will make inroads into the savings of the non-corporate sector. He has, at the same time, welcomed the proposals to broad-base investment allowance, liberalise the structure of capital gains tax, etc.

The most dire prediction, however, comes from the Electronics Industries Association. In the case of this industry, for the concessional rate of excise, the ceiling has been reduced to Rs. 1,600 from Rs. 1,800. The new levy, the President of the Association, Mr. Ganatra, feels will hit radios and transistors very hard.

"The entire electronics industry has been plunged into gloom," says Mr. Ganatra. So have many of his prospective consumers!

According to Mr. M. S. Kothari, President of the Bombay Stock Exchange, Mr. Patel's efforts to finance increased development expenditure without resorting to a heavy dose of taxation is welcome. But he also feels that increase in income tax surcharge, and the raising of the wealth tax rate, will severely affect investable savings. Obviously, he does not agree with Mr. Y. B. Chavan's criticism that this as a rich man's budget.

Mr. Kantikumar Podar, Chairman of the Mill Owners' Association, welcomes the proposal for providing incentives to facilitate the voluntary merger of sick units with sound ones, but he regrets the fact that the heavy burden on the textile industry is to continue.

Mr. C. Subramaniam, the former Finance Minister, has been attacking Mr. Patel for his Swatantra Party past. The implication is that Mr. Patel is anti-public sector. The budget allocations do not prove this charge. In fact, within the available resources, Mr. Patel has done all he can to step up public investment in heavy industry. The allocations for state-owned units in the steel, coal, fertiliser, petroleum and engineering industries have been substantially increased. So, there is no basis for the fear expressed by some people that the Janata party will neglect big industries or the public sector.

Mr. Patel made it clear that he is not against the public sector, but he expects it to function efficiently. Surely, the idea of nationalisation is not to provide permanent "jamindaris" for some big bureaucrats!

And now let us have a look at what Mr. Patel has provided for the rural sector to which he and the Janata party promised to give primacy. What concrete measures are provided to instil a new life in villages? What is the new order of priority?

As Mr. Patel visualises it, irrigation, power and employment will be provided to the rural areas, accompanied by a simultaneous growth of infra-structure roads, transport, etc.

He referred to the bullock cart, which still remains the most popular means of transport in village. In spite of its obvious importance no effort has been made to improve upon the model first designed by an Englishman in the eighteen eighties. This is the model still in use.

He also stressed such elementary human needs as drinking water, for which there is no provision in thousands of villages. Women have to go for miles just to fetch a pot of water. This must change, says Mr. Patel.

HELP FOR THE RURAL SECTOR

We whole heartedly endorse this — yes, our people should not be subjected to such hardships, anywhere, in any part of this country. But what has Mr. Patel done about it?

Nevertheless, thousands of handloom and powerloom weavers and other small scale units should feel happy for the bounty they have received from Mr. Patel. Powerlooms have been exempted altogether from the compounded excise levy. More than 80,000 powerlooms will benefit from this measure. The duty on yarn and fabrics has also been cut. The cottage industries producing matches have been given more relief. All this forms part of the programme for promoting rural industry.

Mr. Patel says that the object of the government's policy is "to make every agricultural family a viable unit." This is possible only if employment opportunities in rural areas can be increased. He has conceived of some other measures, too. For instance, a rural development allowance has been introduced. Whatever expenditure the companies incur under this head gets tax deduction. Small scale industries which set up units in rural areas will get 20 per cent tax relief. To help the farmers, duty on power-driven pumps has been reduced from ten per cent to five per cent. There is thus some attempt at evolving a programme for rural employment, and development.

The actual outlay on agriculture and related services accounts for 30.4 per cent of the total plan outlay. In absolute figures it comes to Rs. 3024 crores. In fact, this is not higher than the allocation for agriculture and related services provided by the preceding government which was Rs. 3471 crores. This government lays more stress on building the rural infra-structure which has been neglected. For instance, without approach roads villages are not open to nearby markets. With regard to irrigation, too, greater stress is laid on medium and minor projects, cooperatives and rural electrification. The giganticism of the past will be avoided.

And what about the drinking water which Mr. Patel talked of in his budget speech? Although this is really a State subject, for the first time the Centre has taken the initiative to provide Rs. 40 crores for providing drinking water. The amount is not much. Mr. Patel says he will have talks with the State governments and persuade them to implement this programme diligently.

This has been the crux of the problem. Land reform legislation is there on the statute book, but either the measures are not implemented or are faultily implemented. So, despite 25 years of planning and a total investment of over Rs. 60,000 crores, we have 25 crores of people living on the starvation level. Proper organisation and implementation remain the keystone to success for Mr. Patel's rural programme, as it was for his predecessor. Mr. Patel has rightly stressed "organisation," in which we have been tardy in all fields. Mr. Patel needs to revamp his entire administrative structure, too, if his plans and policies are not to be sabotaged by the officialdom.

More than 70 per cent of our population lives in villages. So, progress will be measured only in terms of improvement in the life of the village, Gandhi's criterion was simple. He put the lowliest of the lowly, the poorest India, in the centre of all economic missbeing. To what extent their life improved was his test for the success of any economic programme. Mr. Patel and his party have voluntarily accepted Gandhiji's concept of "antyodaya", and therefore it is on this test that the performance will be judged. We cannot say that the budget as it is is an "antyodaya" budget, but it certainly is indicative of a genuine urge for the betterment of rural India.

youth page

PUNIT KARNIK TOPS SSC EXAMS

She had set her heart on it three years back, when she came second in Maharashtra in the High Schools' Scholarship examination. "If she (the girl who came first) can do it, why can't you?" her teachers prompted her. Since then, her life has centred round her studies to the extent of isolating herself from her friends, her relatives, everything but her passion — Hindi films. She saw the Sunday TV film on the eve of her final SSC examinations.

Punit Karnik — the girl who topped this year's SSC results with an unbelievable 92.3 per cent — has quite an original method of study, probably another aspect of her teacher's influence (to whom she gives most of the credit for her success). She studies as if she were teaching. She reads the book, closes it, and starts explaining to an imaginary classroom, pausing to note down something on the blackboard she has at home, and answering doubts and questions her imaginary students would be likely to have. "So it's not just mugging, but understanding." "She can study with all the noise possible, but can't bear to have anyone look at her while she does so," said her father.

A love for teaching is strong in her, but she sees herself ending up as doing research in chemistry since that's her favourite subject (she got 149/150 in it) "and I don't like medicine."

Daughter of a personnel officer in Bourroughs Wellcome who was once an amateur actor, and an ex-supervisor in The Maharashtra State Transport, she has inherited their talents. From her father she gets her talent and love for elocution (in which she has won prizes—outside school too). She has acted too, but that isn't one of her favourite things. From her mother comes her love of Sanskrit, though she admits that this is to a large extent due to her Sanskrit teacher's excellent teaching in Balmohan Vidya Mandir.

But time for elocution and drawing, and collecting small stones which she uses in her sketches, and collecting lockets — her other hobbies — is hard to get with the kind of planned, consistent, systematic studying that she does. (Hence she doesn't need to stay up after 11 p.m. or wake up before 6 a.m. even during exams.) She follows clear guidelines while studying, given to her by her teachers. One is to maintain an equilibrium between all her subjects. "It isn't too difficult to score in science subjects—by their nature they are scoring subjects. It is more important to see that your grade is maintained by scoring high marks in languages and other Arts subjects."

Her tally was: Marathi: 86 per cent, Sanskrit: 98 per cent, English: 93 per cent, Hindi (which she also loves) 76 per cent and General Science and Social Studies: 90 per cent. Then, besides studying regularly throughout the year, she has solved about 30 papers in each subject, keeping to the official limit of three hours, and leaving questions unsolved if need be.

The third guideline lay in the presentation of her material. "Matter is not the only thing that counts. You must have a neat handwriting. For, you have to take into account the examiners' mood — which, if already bad, won't get any better by an untidy scrawl." Fortunately, Punit didn't have to acquire a good writing — she has one naturally. (**Sakal** newspaper wants to photograph her answer papers.)

Though she does use guides, she feels they can't be relied upon by themselves: "You need to add a lot of your own knowledge."

With her day going in school, and her evenings in Ujjwal coaching classes, she has still managed to give public exams in Hindi and win prizes in State drawing exams.

But the price for all this has been high — she has no good friends left. Her father explained why—"We didn't face this problem but she does—that of jealous friends. Jealous of her success," (she's been coming first since the past five years, in all the eight divisions of every standard), "they still borrow her notes but shun her as a friend. They've all abandoned her, one by one."

Let's hope that Punit doesn't face the same isolation in Ruia College, that the atmosphere there is more conducive to enable her to develop all her talent.

Jyoti Punwani

YOUNG TREND-SETTER

Aziz Hamid sketches an elegant, knee-length dress specially designed for the trendy teenager.

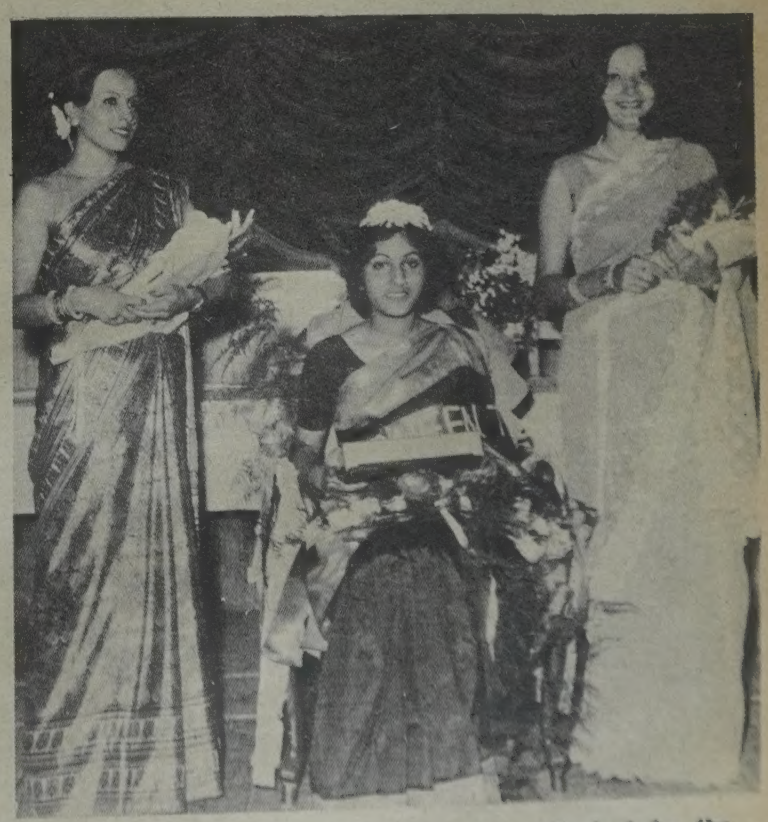
BEAUTY QUEEN

Seventeen-year-old Sunaina Chabbra was crowned May Queen at the mid-summer ball held in Ooty.

Beauty is not Sunaina's only asset. Last year she came through her Higher Secondary examinations with flying colours. With a distinction in Psychology to her credit, she decide to major in the subject. At present she is studying at the Women's Christian College, Madras, in her second year.

She has set her heart at getting into Public Relations after graduation.

Meanwhile she keeps herself busy with her various extra curricular activities which include learning karate in college, participating in debates, strumming the guitar, reading bestsellers, doing macrame and listening to pop music.



Sunaina Chhabra, May Queen, Ooty, flanked by the two runners-up.

DARK CORRIDOR

Denise Robins

PART TWO

THE STORY SO FAR

Arranging to meet her fiance, Martin Ashley, at Madeira in Portugal, Corrie arrives at the hotel there, only to find that he has gone out and nobody knows where. The search of his luggage gives no clue and a frantic search starts.

During these days of despair, Corrie finds in Hugh Aylmer, brother of her friend Liz, both help and comfort. Meanwhile, Martin's grandmother, the great retired actress, Lady Violetta Grey-Ewing, arrives from England to be there on the scene and look after the grief-stricken girl.

Now read on . . .

This was locked. "With your permission. Mees Gilroy — we shall have to break the lock. There could be something in this case to help us with our enquiries. Yes?"

"Yes," she nodded, "but it seems all wrong to break the lock. They are my fiance's private papers."

"Your extreme pardon, Mees Gilroy, but as I have already explained to the manager downstairs, if I am to be of help to you I must leave no stone unturned. If we find nothing of use, I will, myself, arrange to have the lock mended immediately."

But she hated to watch the Inspector break that lock. Standing by the window, the Inspector went through the various papers and pamphlets he pulled from the case. He confessed himself baffled. He could find absolutely nothing that gave him a clue as to where Martin could have gone, or could be at this moment. Or why he had not returned to his hotel yesterday.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "What can you do now? Oh, please do something," she appealed to the Inspector.

He bowed from the waist. "All shall be done, Mees Gilroy. If you have a photograph, might I have it, please?"

"Yes," she said. This was veritably the long corridor of her horrible nightmare, and she was walking farther and farther into the darkness. She wanted to scream the name Martin and make him hear it—wherever he was.

She walked into Martin's bathroom. Reaching for a hand-towel she dried her face. Then she turned back into the bedroom again. "You are most awfully kind to me. I can't tell you what a lot of support you give me," she said to him. She did not really want to leave the hotel but after another hour or two she agreed to walk with Hugh into the town.

"You can be sure all messages will be taken Miss Gilroy, and I hope that there will very soon be good news for you," the clerk at the reception desk told her.

"I hope so," Corrie said under her breath and walked with Hugh into the sunshine.

Two weeks later Lady Grey-Ewing arrived at Reid's Hotel. After her beloved grandson had been missing for fourteen whole days and there was still no sign of him, nothing could keep her from joining Corrie despite the girl's assurance that she would be all right alone. Lady Grey-Ewing, who was in constant telephonic communication with Corrie, had been told that everyone on the island remained baffled.

In addition to the police investigation, Sir Paul Mullins, the chairman of Martin's publishing firm, had flown out there himself a week ago and, after interviewing the Policia de Seguranca Publica, returned to London and consulted Scotland Yard. At the Yard they were sympathetic but not too helpful. However, Martin Ashley was only listed as a "missing person." There were thousands of missing persons every year. Sir Paul got little satisfaction from his repeated efforts to trace the young man who was such an excellent salesman and member of the staff and much liked by all of them.

When Lady Grey-Ewing arrived she had the sort of reception to which she was accustomed. What could have happened to the young man? That was, of course, the silent question in the minds of both Corrie and Martin's grandmother as they met in the lounge and fell into each other's arms.

Violetta seated herself in an armchair by the open windows with Corrie beside her. She had ordered a meal to be sent up here. For all her youthful appearance and bravado she had found the long journey trying. And she and poor Corrie wanted to be alone to talk.

"It's been grim," she admitted, "and it's so unbelievable. How can a man just walk out of a hotel and disappear?"

"You are quite sure the local police have done everything possible?"

"Quite sure."

Violetta sat back and shut her eyes a moment. She smoked in silence. Corrie forgot her own grief and concentrated on Martin's grandmother. She knew that Martin meant all the world to Violetta. "Every kind of enquiry has been made," Corrie continued to put Violetta in the picture. "Every hospital, nursing home or rest house or hotel he can have gone to has been visited and searched in case he was in an accident that affected his memory."

Violetta smoked furiously, searching her own lively mind for some kind of feasible explanation for the affair and failing. It infuriated as well as saddened her.

Now she spoke her thoughts aloud.

"One thing is for sure. He hasn't gone because he couldn't face marrying you my pet!"

For the first time Corrie's lips curved into a wan smile. "No, I don't think that's the explanation."

"I'm quite sure it isn't. What else can we think of?" Lady Grey-Ewing was a born optimist. She never believed that the worst could happen until it did.

Corrie, with her deep, emotional temperament, was a little more pessimistic—perhaps more imaginative—than Martin's grandmother. But she deliberately cast the sinister thought of a fatal accident from her mind whenever it rose to the forefront of her mind. After lunch they sat out on the sunlit balcony. Lady Grey-Ewing had been given one of the best rooms in the new wing.

Violetta took one of Corrie's ender hands in hers. "Don't lose ope, darling," she said. "Please on't."

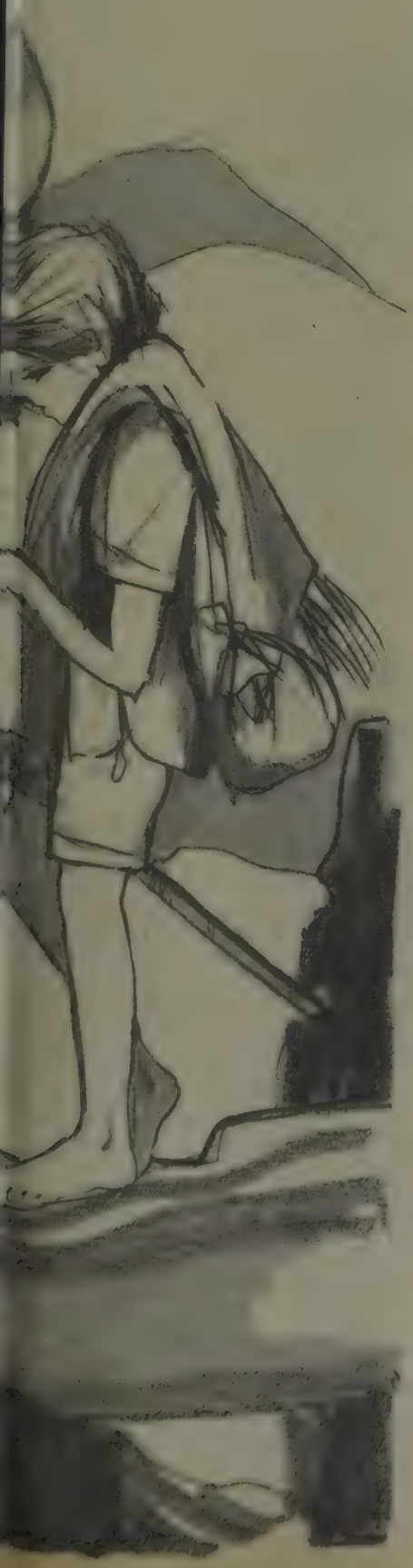
Somebody knocked on the door. waiter came in to clear away ae lunch trays. He also handed orrie a note. It was from Hugh ylmer.

"I know you'll be tied up with ady G-E but, if you'd like it, I'd ve to give you both tea on the errace. Do come down at four." he mustn't ignore him. She didn't ant to. She handed Violetta the nvitation. "This is from the bro-her of my old schoolfriend—I old you about him—he's done bsolutely everything he can to help. I think you would like him and I would like you to thank him for all he's done, darling."

"Of course I will. Let's go down to the lounge at four o'clock as he asks. I'd like to taste some of that Madeira cake again after all these years."

Corrie went along to her own room carrying the suitcase that Violetta had brought for her from London. She needed a change and Ann had sent just the right things. When she rejoined Violetta she noticed that the old lady had also changed. What a splendid coquette she was for an eighty-year-old! Corrie thought fondly. The old lady loved flirting with young men.

It wasn't long before Hugh Aylmer joined the long list of those who adored Violetta. She took off her big glasses, gave him the full benefit of her still beautiful blue eyes, placed her small hand in his and said. "You've been wonderful to my dear Corrie, I believe.



Following every clue, Corrie goes up into the mountains in search of her Martin, and she refuses to give up hope when the clues only lead up blind alleys

Thank you so much." At once he was at her feet.

Soon they were sifting over old ground and reaching the usual unhappy conclusion that Martin's disappearance was bathed in a mystery nobody could solve.

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"I meant to go home and get on with my new book at the end of this week, but I feel I just can't leave Reid's at the moment. That is. . ." he glanced at Corrie's pale young face with the compassion he always felt for her, "there might be something I can do and if you hadn't come, Lady Grey-Ewing, I would certainly not have left Corrie alone."

Corrie kept to herself the fact that last night, for the first time for quite a while, the dreaded nightmare had disturbed her again. Suddenly a terrifying thought flashed into her mind: "I'm beginning to wonder if he's dead. Oh God, perhaps he is dead. And perhaps I'll never know how he died or where." Then she saw the manager walking quickly towards their table. As he reached them, Corrie introduced him to Martin's grandmother. He bowed and shook hands with her but almost immediately turned to the girl.

"I have some news for you," he said.

The blood rushed into Corrie's face. "Oh tell me it is good!"

"Ah, it is just news. The first we have had at all." He sat down and began to talk.

The assistant to the Inspector, the young Guarda, had taken his wife on a day off, to a restaurant in the Camaea de Lobos. As all the tables were full, they had to share the table with a young couple who were apparently not Island people. Since the subject of a missing Englishman has become a popular point of conversation in Funchal, they all started a conversation on the subject. The Guarda gave them the description of the Englishman. Then suddenly the young people seemed to have remembered. It appeared to them they had seen the missing man.

"His description," the manager told Violetta and Corrie, "tallies with that of Mr. Ashley. So we could surmise that he walked from Funchal up the Camacha Road that morning."

Corrie's heart beat violently and she said in a breathless voice, "What else did they say? Did they tell you what he was wearing? Did they give you any details at all? Oh, I am sure that it was Martin—even the date is right."

"We cannot be sure, but," the manager spread out his hands, "the Guarda told me that this couple from Lisbon remembered little except his fair hair and skin, and his very nice English voice."

Now Violetta spoke. Her voice was not quite steady. "Did they not overtake him further up the route or see him at all in Camacha?"

"No."

Corrie felt choked. "Oh, if only we knew more! Can we meet this couple from Lisbon? Could I speak to them myself?"

"Alas, they left Madeira this morning."

"Don't get too excited," Violetta whispered. "It isn't much to go on. The fair man is not necessarily our Martin."

But Corrie clung to this hope. "We must go to Camacha at once," she insisted.

Half an hour later Corrie and Hugh were in one of the big shining taxis which abounded in Funchal, on their way to Camacha. The Chief Inspector had given them little more to go on than the news they had received at Reid's. They were, however, able to interview the young Guarda, who confirmed all that the manager had said.

The last thing Hugh wanted to do was to discourage her and damp her new found optimisim. But in his own mind he doubted if the young man seen at the mimosa tree had been Martin Ashley. Violetta was right when she said that there could be many young Englishmen on a visit to Madeira who might have walked up to Camacha that same morning.

When they arrived at Camacha, Hugh told the driver to wait and pick them up again where they had stopped, which was in the main square. Corrie stood still a moment, putting on her dark glasses. Hugh tried for a moment to divert her attention by pointing to a huge, very old tree with a strange dark-grey bark, looking like a gigantic elephant's leg. The long branches were starred with white fragrant blossoms.

"Would you like to sit here a moment and let me get you a drink?" Hugh asked her gently.

"Not yet. You have a drink, if you'd like one, but I won't."

He refused and taking her by the arm led her to the nearest shop. The windows were full of souvenirs and toys and magazines on one side.

He said, "Every inn, every house, every shop — and I see there are several — we'll make enquiries at them all. There is always somebody who speaks English." She agreed. For an hour they walked around, knocking on doors, speaking to men, women and even children, begging for information, showing everybody the photograph of Martin, but receiving only the same answer everywhere.

"Alas, senhor, senhora, we have not seen this man."

To an old man with white hair and a face like a wrinkled walnut Corrie made a special appeal because he spoke such good English. He had once worked in the post office in Funchal.

"I am sorry, I cannot help. Why not go to the place where they make the baskets?"

Hugh broke in, "Obrigado, senhor, but we have already tried there. They didn't see him."

"Tell your driver to take you to the church at Santo da Serra before you descend to the Portela Pass," he suggested. "Sometimes there is a priest there—at this time there is likely to be one—who takes confessions. He might have noticed or spoken a word, perhaps, to the senhor. That is all I can think of."

They thanked him. Corrie lapsed into silence. Her footsteps lagged. She wiped her hot face. She felt terrible, and as they walked, Hugh noticed this.

"You're tired, aren't you?" he asked.

"I'm okay. But do let's try the church first."

They walked to the church. It was as the old man had said—it was the hour for confessions. The priest was busy.

"Listen to me, dear God," she prayed, "listen, please! Let me find Martin. Please let me find him!"

"Help me to help her find this man. She loves him so much," Hugh was praying. But when the priest emerged from the confessional, it was no use. He could not speak one word of English. But seeing that the English lady was in deep distress, his heart warmed towards her.

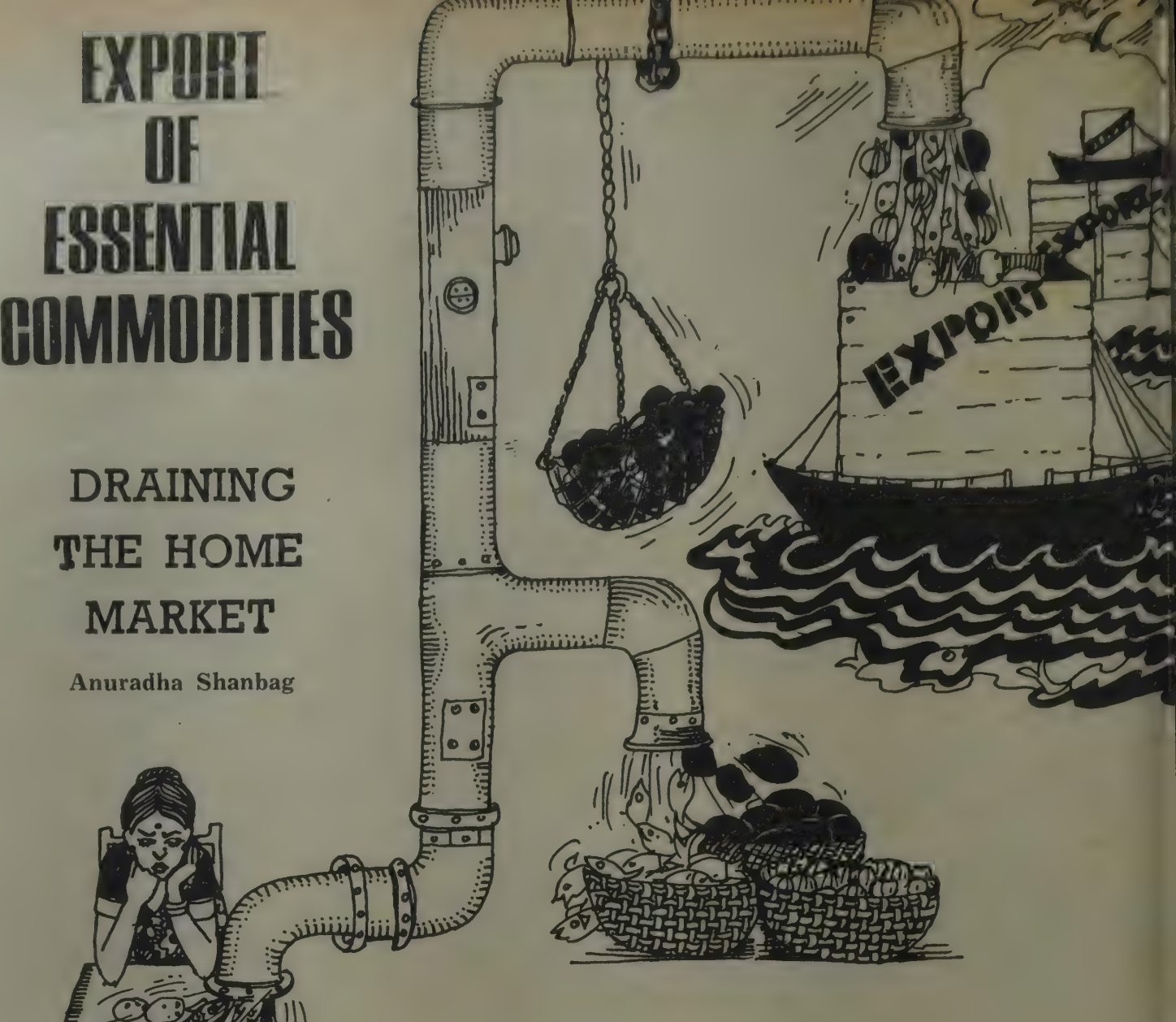
"Espera aqui," he said and went out. Instinctively, Hugh realised

Continued on page 43

EXPORT OF ESSENTIAL COMMODITIES

DRAINING THE HOME MARKET

Anuradha Shanbag



Just after Independence you could buy a hundred mackerel (bangda) for one rupee along India's west coast. Today you pay one rupee per bangda! Plain rice was sold for 50 paise a kilo just 18 years ago. And we could buy alphonso mangoes for Rs. 3 a dozen 10 years back. Such are the eternal complaints of most middle-aged Indians. Prices today stand 46 per cent higher than those in April 1973.

They went down for a brief while after the Emergency began, but after some time, especially since last April, they have been steadily rising at an average rate of over one per cent per month. Today the price level is over 12 per cent higher than a year ago. What could the causes be, we asked some Bombay housewives. We got a variety of answers but two common reasons stood out — hoarding and export of food stuffs. As Mrs. Lata Rao from Santa Cruz said, "Wherever I go, if I ask why prices are higher, there's only one answer—export."

We looked around some more and were shocked at what we found. Export of food items account for 37 per cent of India's total export trade. Sugar which we buy for Rs. 5 to 6 a kilo was being exported at around Rs. 2.50 a kilo in 1976-77. Mangoes which cost around Rs. 20 a dozen were being exported last year at one rupee each. Oranges of good quality never available to us for less than 50 paise each were being exported at 15 paise each. High quality basumati rice which we get only for six to seven rupees a kilo, was being exported at Rs. three a kilo.

Why these uneconomic bargains?

One astonishing reason was given by Pranab Mukherjee, the former Minister for Revenue and Banking, when he said he did not favour dumping foodstocks on the market and "letting prices crash since this would hit farmers." The onion exporters also tearfully gave this reason to the Government recently while demanding a reversal of its decision to ban onion exports. But this has no validity because the poor farmers are not involved in the export deals. They are forced to sell their crops to the traders immediately after harvest, when prices are at their lowest. It is the big traders who decide where to sell and at what price, and make huge profits at the cost of both the farmer and the consumer.

The exported articles are sold at fabulous prices by our foreign buyers once they reach them. Onions which were bought at Rs. 1.12 per kilo, were being sold in Kuwait by the West Asian trader for around Rs. 15 per kilo. Prawns for which the Tokyo dealer paid us Rs. 25 is resold by him at Rs. 200 to Rs. 250 per kilo. And the mango for which the London dealer paid only one rupee each fetched him one pound on the London market. And this year the best quality mangoes exported at not more than Rs. 30 to

Rs. 40 a dozen are available in West Asia for Rs. 500 a dozen! India is the world's largest tea exporter and yet has no control over the world tea market. This list could continue to cover all the 288 items of our food exports.

These facts do not mean that the Indian traders lose from these uneconomic bargains. They are given many benefits by the Government which urges them to export. Apart from easy and cheap credit duty exemptions, the Government pays large subsidies (15-20 per cent) to persuade these traders to export. The sugar industry alone received Rs. 60 crores as subsidy in 1976-77. And they had after much pressure, condescendingly agreed to sell sugar in the free market in India for Rs. five during Divali when sugar was available only at Rs. six per kilo!

In fact, the losers from this bargain are the Indian people. They have to pay high prices for the remaining low quality food

All the reasoning in the world cannot justify the looting that goes on in the name of export

stuffs that are sold to them. The subsidy that the Government pays the traders is from the public finances, the indirect taxes collected from the people. So the consumer not only pays a higher price for low quality food stuffs but also pays, in the form of excise duties, to further enrich the trader!

And our traders benefit from exports in more ways than one. Firstly, their exports are subsidised by the Government so that the people, not they, bear any loss that may accrue. By exporting such large quantities they create a shortage in India, so that prices automatically rise, inside the country. So when international prices are high, they manage to make high profits both abroad and at home. When international prices are low, they avoid losses abroad and reap high profits at home. Last year, a bumper groundnut crop led to unrestricted export till there wasn't enough for home consumption. So the government issued licences worth Rs. 514 crores to import edible oil. After deals had been struck, the international price of edible oil started rising, so the Indian dealers resold their oil at fabulous profits abroad. Imports worth only Rs. 40 crores were made. Therefore today we are paying Rs. 11 — 15 for one kilo of cooking oil. And their profit yielding speculation was again financed by public funds—the consumers' hard earned and limited income.

Are these frantic efforts to accumulate foreign exchange a justification for starving our people? Can we allow Indian and foreign business to gamble at the cost of the life of Indians? Already of 60 crores Indians, 40 crores live below the poverty line. 50 per cent of Indians have to subdue their hunger with 85 paise worth of food per day. Seeing the minute quantity of food that their money can buy, dare we still say that larger exports benefit the nation?

Another ground for pushing up exports is repeated endlessly by our Ministers. They say that our cheap labour give us an advantage over other exporters. So the argument boils down to this. Pay low wages so that we can export more and then make this low paid labour pay higher prices for their food!

Meanwhile, while the quantities f food exported are reaching izzy heights, our economic pun- its complain of "embarrassingly arge foreign reserves"!

Even when production of cer- ain items has fallen, exports are eing encouraged. Though the roduction of mangoes, spices nd rice have gone down this ear, they are being exported in arger and larger quantities. In ases where production has gone up, e.g. tea, again such large uantities are being exported that omestic demand cannot be met t reasonable prices. For Brijlal arma, Minister for Industry said n April 26, 1977, "We cannot af- ord to turn the tap on and off ccording to domestic demand. uch a strategy creates a credibi- ity gap in the minds of foreign uyers which is not a good thing." hen what is the "good thing"? tarve the nation to maintain our redibility abroad?

Our planners claim that these xports are essential for the na- ion. Former Commerce Minister D. P. Chattopadhyaya said that ur foreign exchange reserves ust increase so we can pay the nterest on our foreign debts, and lso import essentials. Undoubt- dly our foreign debts are soar- ng. Between 1973 and 1975, they ent up by over 21 per cent. We ay argue that foreign loans and id are also essential for us. But hat essentials do we import? re they more valuable than ood? As Mrs. Hamida Dhamas- ar, a working woman asked, What use are machines however arce, if we don't have the stren- th to work them?"

Over 50 per cent of our foreign ans go to repay the interest on ld foreign debts. How long can e remain the victims of this icious circle of poverty and in- ebtedness? How can a country hose people remain hungry evelop into a great nation? The mport policy of the government s doing little to change this state f affairs. They are willing to aste precious foreign exchange n importing dry fruits, polyester, arment manufacturing machin- ry and equipment for fivestar otels. How essential are these or the vast majority of our peo- le?

Dry fruits cost us Rs. 45-50 er kilo to import. In exchange e are giving away basic food tems dirt cheap. The losers we now, are the ordinary people oth here and abroad who are harged exorbitant prices for hese goods. The gainers are the raders, both Indian and foreign. Why does our government allow his? All the housewives we met ere unanimous on one demand -that the government should put stop to this loot.

Governments of most nations f the third world have been de- anding better terms of trade. t the Lima and Nairobi onfer- nces of UNCTAD, most Asian, frican and Latin American coun- ies got together in the "Group f 77" to press their demands for tter prices and equal exchange gainst the rich nations. But the move was defeated. Why? Why can't we and others like us deal on equal terms with the developed nations? Why do we have to pay far more for their machines than they give for our raw materials? True, the rich powers have us on a leash through their loans and aid, and superior technology. But we are rich in raw materials and in people—who create social wealth. If our raw material supplies were to dry up, the entire industrial machine of the developed countries would grind to a halt. The key is in our hands, and we must use it! The eyes of the people are opening and there is a clamour for the right to a decent existence.

The Consumer Guidance Society of India, the Hindustani Movement, prominent individuals and trade unionists have all been demanding restrictions on food exports. Onions were selling in Bombay at Re. 1 — Re. 1.25 per kilo. The ban on their export has reduced prices by over 20 paise. This should only be the first step. The public must continue the fight.

No claims of "surpluses" in any item can be believed, until every Indian is assured of two meals a day. Instead of encouraging ridiculous proposals to export our "surplus" wheat, the Government should use foodstock in productive ways. One method is to employ workers on development projects and pay them partly in foodgrains. Now is the time to use our vast labour wealth and to implement such suggestions of economic development made repeatedly by leading economists, and repeatedly ignored.

We approached the Consumer Guidance Society for their stand on the subject. A spokesman said that they have been pressing for an immediate ban on export of essential foodstuffs, till adequate supplies are available to us at a reasonable price. The prices and quota for sale and export should be fixed by the Government through a Prices Commission. This demand has been raised at the All-India Consumer Conference in 1976 and has been placed before high level authorities. The spokesman said that for leaders to call for resistance from a half-starved population is cruel. So is the increasing export of essentials like rice and vanaspati when their production has been falling. The Society has welcomed the ban on onion exports and called for the ban to be extended to all essential foodstuffs resisting pressure from the powerful traders. It has called upon all welfare organisations, women's groups. cooperative societies and others to protest strongly and loudly against food exports through all public forums.

Such action is necessary from every individual housewife who must realise the pressing need to combat this new and growing form of exploitation. Only such public protest can ensure the fulfilment of the people's basic needs.

THE EXPORTERS SPEAK

Nilan Karnik

"Export is not done on a charity basis, exporters are not philanthropists—of course, they want their profits," said Mr. Roy of the All-India Exporters Chambers (representing 450 exporters). "But," he added quickly, "they are highly conscious people—conscious of the need to earn foreign exchange for the country."

Recently there has been much debate and discussion about the role played by exports (especially of essential commodities) in a poor and starving country like India. It is commonly accepted that exports tend to push up the prices in the local market. Hence the recent ban on the export of onions, whose prices were soaring. This is only one of the accusations levelled at the exporter; there are several more. So we approached some exporters and got their opinions on the various questions that are being raised with regard to the export of essential commodities.

Mr. Ashok Thaker of American Dry Fruits' agreed that exports do result in high prices to a certain extent. And most exporters would agree with him. However, it is commonly felt by them that export is necessary to prevent a glut in the market, which would lower the prices. This would certainly be welcomed by the consumer, but the exporters felt that such a fall in prices is harmful to the farmers. And one thing they all stressed was how export helped the farmer to get a good price for his produce.

For a moment we felt that even if the consumer is not benefiting out of exports at least our farmers, who form the biggest chunk of the population of our country, did gain from it. But which type of farmer does this benefit? Certainly not the average peasant. It is only a handful of the biggest farmers who can bring their produce to the market. This is obvious from the fact that the majority, i.e. 81.68 per cent of the agricultural households, are engaged in subsistence farming. So it is quite clear that neither the average consumer nor the average peasant gains from exports.

By and large, the attitude of the Government towards the exporter is extremely benevolent. There are no limitations imposed, except in the case of agricultural and semi-manufactured goods. There is a ceiling on these items and sometimes there is even a ban on their export, according to the conditions in the local market. On the whole, the government policy seems to be towards decreasing the export of such items by discouraging them through various ways, like reducing or eliminating subsidies, imposing a ban, etc. Presently, the stress is on the export of processed foods and manufactured articles.

Apparently, this is a commendable move. Items of daily consumption seem to have been saved for the consumer at home. But a little probing soon made us realise that we were mistaken. Vegetables were not being exported raw, they were being processed and then exported, but the fact still remained that they were being exported and hence depriving the people of vegetables in the market. Also, whilst undergoing processing, value is added to the items, and hence the exporter makes more profit than he normally would. Also, since processed foods are more expensive, there is very little demand for them at home. This means that nobody can question the legitimacy of their export. The lack of "demand" takes care of that!

The topic of government subsidies, legally known as "compensatory support for non-taxable inputs," proved to be an exceedingly embarrassing one for the exporters. The fact that subsidies are given out of public funds without any benefit to the public is too apparent to be ignored. But they all stressed that subsidies were extremely essential for the exporter to capture international markets and to stand the competition which he faces. One of them even hastened to assure us that all over the world financial help is given to the exporter in some form or the other.

It struck us however that the question was not whether all the other countries gave subsidies or not, but at what cost to our own people we are exporting essential commodities. Why couldn't the money used for subsidising exports be used for subsidising prices at home, which would mean that more people could afford to eat better? The answer, though not forthcoming from the exporters, is obvious. How else can the producer and exporter make substantial profits? The logic of looking for markets abroad when there are millions starving at home does seem to us to be rather odd.

One more thing that all the exporters constantly harped on was the valuable services provided by them to the country by earning foreign exchange. But two years of a comfortable foreign exchange reserve position has provided no relief for our people.

According to Mr. Roy, the previous slogan for the exporters set by Jawaharlal Nehru, "Export or perish" or "Export at any cost" has over the past few years changed to "Export at viable cost." But the question before all of us as responsible citizens of our country is how viable is the "viable" cost for the masses of our people.

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the architect couple

This young architect couple shares not only the same profession, but also the same preference for keeping as close to the natural environment as possible

Mala Singh

Dileep Halbe (30), bearded, soft-spoken, with a gentle air of confidence, Nilima Sharma (29), charming, attractive and very voluble. Married for two years, Dileep and Nilima are architects in Tata Consulting Engineers, Bombay.

Casually dressed, Nilima reminisced in a relaxed manner of her student days in the J. J. School of Architecture, Bombay, from where she graduated with Honours in 1971.

Dileep is a graduate from I.I.T. Khadakpur. "Initially, I was going to join the Army like my dad, but the idea of being in any kind of service did not appeal to me, so I chose this field," he explained. "Here, even while you're working for someone, you're on your own. There is a certain individuality about this profession."

Industrial architecture is their special love and Tata Consulting Engineers specialise in designing industrial buildings. These include, besides the main factory, housing colonies, canteens, medical blocks, laboratories and administrative buildings. "We strive towards using as much of natural resources as possible, like bricks and stone," said Dileep. "That is one thing Nilima and I have in common," he smiled.

They also try to keep to the natural environment while planning the landscape. "A garden isn't a garden till birds come in," observed Nilima. Avoiding straight-laced, well-trimmed, bare lawns, they advocate the planting of plenty of trees and flowers which should be tended ever so lightly, so that they retain their wild, natural look.

Dileep and Nilima live in a flat in Juhu, but their love for gardening has prompted them to plant chickoo, coconut and jackfruit trees round their area, much to the delight of the neighbours.

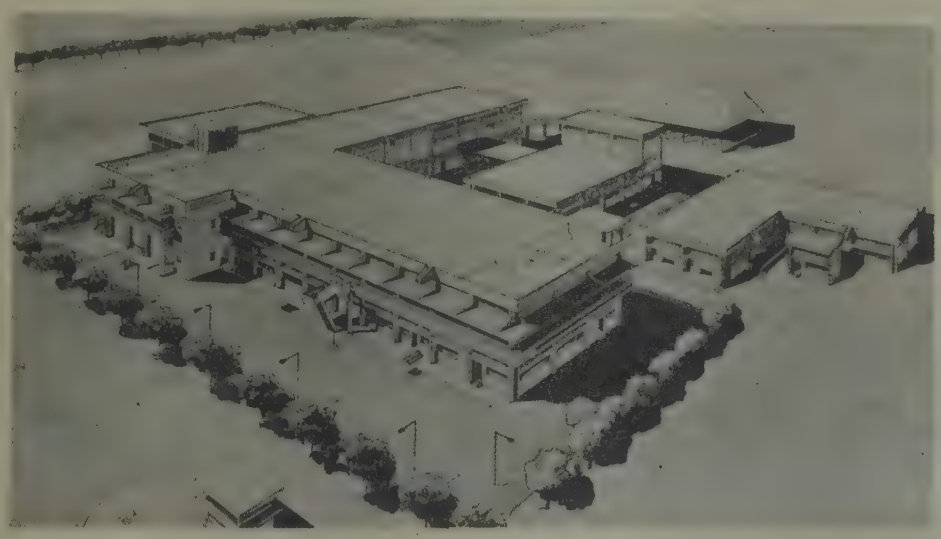
While they have worked on projects together, they prefer working separately. "There is no clash of wills then," grinned Dileep. Did they quarrel? "Yeah, but nothing serious," and Nilima joined in the ensuing laughter.

Severe crtics of each other's ability, they respect one another's opinion.

Some of the buildings they have designed individually are Modi Rubber Ltd. near Meerut, Alfred Herbert India Ltd. at Bangalore, Obra Thermal Power Station, Uttar Pradesh, Brooke Bond India Ltd., Aurangabad and Volrho Ltd. Hyderabad. Nilima, has also done detailing work on the Women Graduates Hostel, Bombay. Their work takes them all over India and as Nilima is fond of travelling, she combines business with pleasure. She was in Baroda recently in connection with the designing of canteens and laboratories for Gujarat Polymeres, which manufacture acrylic sheets.

"We have to be acquainted with our clients, be familiar with the products they manufacture and the capital they intend to put in, before starting on any designing," asserted Dileep. "Only then is it possible for us to give them exactly what they want, because every factory needs a different kind of architecture. For example, a firm which manufactures tyres will require a building very unlike one producing corned meat."

ABOVE: A view of the medical centre attached to Alfred Herbert (India) Ltd., Bangalore.



LEFT: The blueprint designed by Nilima for the corned meat factory of Brooke Bond (India) Ltd.

Did they intend to start out on their own in the near future? Dileep nodded, "We would like to someday, but at the moment we are completely satisfied. It's a big hassle starting on your own in architecture, because an architect alone cannot do justice to a job. He needs a team of draftsmen and engineers before he moulds steel, glass and concrete into a mammoth structure." They have been with Tata Consulting Engineers for five years now. "If I had not joined them, I may never have met my wife!" said Dileep in mock despair.

Do they remain involved with the building of an industry till the final stages? "Yes," said Nilima. "And that usually takes two to five years." Yet working on half a dozen different projects does not interfere with the quality of their work because of the variation of projects. Denying the possibility of her buildings resembling each other, Nilima said that while she preferred to use natural materials, certain areas in India could not offer natural resources as much as another. In that case, she was forced to make use of synthetic materials.

At the moment, Dileep is involved in making a Telescope Observatory at Kovaloor, near Bangalore. To house an optical telescope, measuring ninety inches in diameter, it will be the first of its kind in the country.

They have designed a few homes too, but only for friends, and free. Here they give importance to the personality of the owner and his personal preferences.

Dileep and Nilima are not only architects. They spend their holidays pursuing their individual hobbies. Nilima is a wizard at handicrafts which she claims to have picked up from friends and magazines without any formal training. She makes macrame wall-hangings and designs leather belts and bags. "I've never sold any of my creations so far. They are mostly given away as gifts or used in our home." What kind of a home do they have? "A very comfortable one," replied Dileep. "The wooden chairs planned by me, the carved cupboards and the sofa that you sink in are all designed for comfort." The cushions, wall-hangings and batik paintings are proofs of Nilima's genius.

The couple like gardening too and are intending to learn the Japanese art of "Bonsai" to make their balconies come alive. They share a love of Indian classical music also. Sipping his mug of coffee, Dileep told me of his interest in karate. He has joined evening class to master this art.

I asked Nilima if her career clashed with her domestic life. She replied in the negative and recalled one evening when a dozen people dropped in for dinner unexpectedly. "It was no problem cooking a quick meal. In fact, I could have handled another dozen easily!" she laughed. The couple prefer those belonging to other fields. The only snag is that they are unable to have many social get-togethers. "In a city like Bombay, everything is planned according to the time of a train," sighed Nilima. "If it wasn't for professional prospects, we would prefer a quieter place where there is more spontaniety, more warmth," agreed Dileep.

Travelling all over the country has made them more ecologically conscious. So even when Nilima is busy designing a complex for the manufacture of acrylic sheets, she is still faithful to natural substances. They share a similar taste in books. Their shelves, besides being lined with architectural manuals, include periodicals on law, history and sociology.

Is he a good husband, I asked Nilima. "I think so," she murmured. "In the domestic department he's a great cook and a wonderful host. Professionally, he helps me meet my deadlines!"

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BINDU: THE HAPPILY MARRIED VAMP

N. Bharathi

HER IMAGE AS A SULTRY SIREN IS STRICTLY FOR THE SCREEN; OFF THE SETS, SHE IS JUST A GOOD, FAITHFUL WIFE

She has one of the most fascinating faces I have seen on the screen. Her complexion is flawless. Her eyes are large and inviting. Every feature is well-chiselled. But neck downwards, it's best not to comment, lest I get too bitchy for Bindu's comfort.

Bindu brings to mind sizzling scenes of seduction and dresses designed to show a pair of unshapely legs, a well-stacked bust and a solid, pillar-like body. It would be so pleasant to see a shapely Bindu in those costumes —with that face of hers she'd be a winner who could appeal to the connoisseur as much as she does to the masses.

The name Bindu promises sexy dances, appealing vampishness and seduction (of the hero generally) in plenty. "But it's really funny," says Bindu, "that my first film did not project me as a dancer or a seducer. In 'Do Raaste' I had a vamp's role. But it was not the kind of vampish role which I've been doing after 'Kati Patang'." If there's one thing curious about Bindu, it is her success as a dancer. "I've never learnt dancing formally," she says.

The Bindu we know is famous for sizzling up a drab screen. She titillates, entices and fascinates. But most of the time, Bindu's roles leave you wondering whether she can ever be a good actress. Dancing sexily and appealing with the help of revealing clothes and suggestive scenes, does not generally constitute good acting. But in Bindu's case she has this trick of suddenly making you sit up and notice her.

Like in "Shaque" recently, where she came as a cabaret dancer, but with a lot of character in her sympathetic personality. I for one have always taken Bindu's roles with a large pinch of salt. But there were some scenes in "Shaque" in which I actually found her giving a good performance.

The trouble with Bindu is that she's too easy going and cool in real life. She takes her career seriously to the extent that she reports on time, takes pains over her assignments and behaves well with those on the set. But she has this bad habit of never turning down those who approach her. The result is that Bindu is busier than any other artiste in town (yes, busier than the top leading ladies too). But 90 per cent of her assignments can be easily overlooked, specially because she is capable of turning in very striking performances if she's given the right role and a capable director.

Her come-one-come-all stand with producers has of course its plus points. The best is that Bindu has no enemies in the film industry. Whether it is a leading lady, a hero, or a villain, Bindu is well liked by all (that includes me).

Recently Zarina Wahab was telling me that once she was shooting with Bindu. "I was doing my make-up when I heard that Binduji had no room to herself. I offered her mine but she used it just to change her clothes and was otherwise quite happy to make do with any little corner that she found. I'm surprised that a big star like her is so sweet and compromising. She has no ego at all," said Zarina.

Something I've noticed many times is that the bad people of the Hindi screen are ten times better (in real life) than the so-called heroes and heroines. Bindu is my favourite example to prove the point. But because of her screen appearances the layman tends to associate Bindu with an unwarranted off-screen notoriety. It isn't really fair, but Bindu smiles it away and says that it doesn't matter as long as her family and close friends understand her.

Incidentally Bindu is not ashamed of her work on the screen. (Faryal used to say that she couldn't bear the thought of her kids seeing their mother romping around the screen in skimpy clothes.) Ideally Bindu would like to take time off from shooting and have a baby. She doesn't think that it will spoil her image. "And I'm not ashamed of my work. Everything depends on how you bring up your children. My nieces and nephews for instance know what I am like at home and that my work on the screen is only acting. . ."

Though Bindu is reputed to be a "hot" woman who's had flings with Prem Chopra, Ranjeet and Amjad Khan, the vamp maintains that rumours don't upset her or her husband. "I'm lucky to have married such an understanding man. Let me tell you that we're like any other normal happily married couple. I would hate it if he had any flings outside. And I know that he's also too possessive to tolerate it if I had an affair with another man. . ."

Photograph : Girish Shukla

The Emergency was born of a strong sense of insecurity stemming from an obsession by a few to perpetuate their power. That is why every fly in the way was killed with a hammer. Little people in small towns were rounded up and jailed just as national opposition leaders were.

How could Indira Gandhi think of keeping a gamut of veteran Opposition leaders in jail for close upon nineteen months? How could she imprison elderly leaders like JP and Morarji for so long? Part of the answer lies buried in a file in the Nehru Memorial Library in New Delhi. The file contains letters of Jawaharlal Nehru to his sister Vijayalakshmi Pandit. A letter dated June 2, 1934, when Indira was about seventeen years of age, was written by Jawaharlal Nehru from Dehra Dun jail. It said :

"You must all, of course, be enjoying Kashmir. It is good that you intend staying till June or thereabouts. I do not yet know when Santiniketan opens. Before she goes there, Indu should spend a few days with Kamala. As Kamala is not likely to stay here in Dehra Dun, Indu need not come here at all on her way back from Kashmir. By coming here to see me she will lose a day or two which I would rather that she spent with Kamala. It is good that she has passed her exam though I attach little enough importance to this. In respect of other and more important matters I am not at all happy about her. If there is one type I dislike it is the languishing type which lounges through life undecided as to what to do but expects everybody to minister to his or her comforts. Indira has already developed many characteristics of this type. Then again she is remarkably casual and indifferent to others. This is a serious blemish as to teach consideration for others is supposed to be one of the principle objects of modern education. Indu, however, revolves round herself, self-centered, she hardly thinks of others. I know that all this is to a large extent natural at this age. Allowing for that I feel that the tendency that way is great and deplorable. She may outgrow it; I hope she will. It is difficult to pin down any special thing that one does not like. The whole atmosphere seems to be wrong. I have a slight jarring feeling when I meet her—it is a psychological experience which I cannot describe. Perhaps it is due to an idea at the back of my mind that she is not at all keen on the meeting. As for letters, she does not write to me at all, or to be accurate, her average is a little hurried note once in three or four months. It is obvious from this note that she is performing an unpleasant duty and wants to get it over with as soon as it is possible. I would rather not receive letters at all, than such duty forced notes with no joy of letter writing or of communicating with one you care for, no thanks. I do not intend mentioning this matter to Indu. I do not think that is the right way to set about matters. Advice and admonition and the like are not in my line. Besides I am afraid there is too much pride in me. I am rather surprised at writing all this to you. I have other and more indirect ways and I shall proceed along them. This is a reason why I do not want her to visit me here on her way back from Kashmir."

The letter expressed the anguish of Jawaharlal Nehru at his daughter's insensitivity.

Indira watchers know that she can take deep interest in a conversation when the subject is close to her heart. But she suddenly dries up and lets her mind wander when the matter concerns somebody else.

So much for the minus side. There is no doubt that Mrs. Gandhi is a woman of great courage and daring. She is extremely hardworking and can rise above adversity. She told me once, during the course of an interview long ago, that she preferred to walk on a thorny route to a smooth path. She also said she had advised her father to drop Krishna Menon from his Cabinet because no leader could afford to swim against the public current. The Emergency had blinded Mrs. Gandhi on account of the absolute power it gave her.

Had she lifted Press censorship completely six months before the elections, Mrs. Gandhi would probably have timed the elections differently and perhaps become a more ruthless dictator than she already had. Some of her close colleagues in the AICC say it is a mercy the Congress lost. Otherwise the people would have been subjected to greater cruelties.

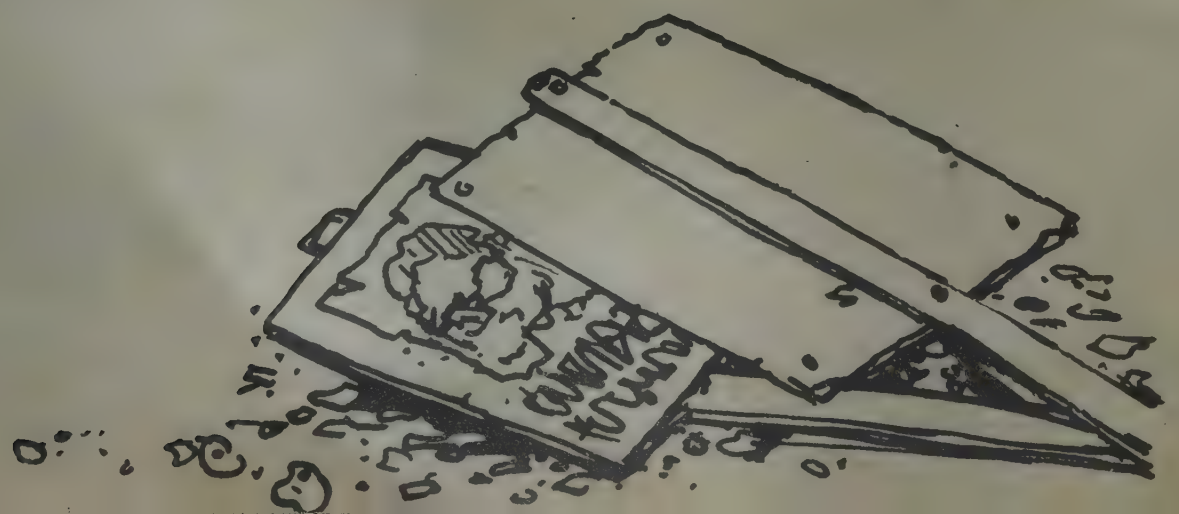
Mrs. Gandhi has passed through four phases, according to Mr. Asoka Mehta, the Janata Party leader, once a colleague of Mrs. Gandhi. The period between 1966 and 1967 was her finest hour when she was honourable and honest. During 1967 to 1969 she began to feel menaced and took to plann-

BLACK WEDNESDAY

THE DOWNWARD PATH

Rukhsana Sultana

Left : Ambika Soni donating blood.



ing and scheming. In the next few years she consolidated her position. There was glory from outside but the setting in of rot within. From 1974 onwards she fought a rearguard battle. "I left in August 1968 when she changed her style," said Mr. Mehta.

Starting out as a democrat, Mrs. Gandhi has come a long way ultimately giving in to a gang of operators and allowing the country to be run by them. Her erstwhile supporters have stood aside bewildered. Her own maternal

aunt, Mrs. Shiela Kaul, who lost in the election to Mr. Bahuguna from the Lucknow constituency, told me she had been keeping aloof from it all and concentrating on her own limited political activities.

Among those who worked closely with Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay is Ambika Soni, the former Youth Congress President. In an hour-long interview Mrs. Soni answered many questions frankly and in a forthright manner.

She said she had joined politics much before Sanjay appeared in the Youth Congress arena in December. She was the General Secretary of the Youth Congress as long ago as January 1973. She was also in charge of the foreign section of the AICC and assisted its Mahila Front. "We made Sanjay a member of the Youth Congress National Council in December 1975. He was one of the forty in that body."

The Youth Congress set up a legal cell which gave free legal advice to the needy and started an anti-dowry campaign. In the sphere of family planning there was an element of rat race, each body and each Congress worker tried to outdo the other. This naturally made Congress workers unpopular. During the elections, Ambika said, she tried to pull out such workers from election campaigning. They would have done more harm than good. In Amethi where she went once or twice to visit Youth Congress camps, people just did not believe that their objective was any other than getting people sterilised! They were struck with fear. In Amethi there had been a violent anti-family planning incident which people had not forgotten.

Why did Sanjay Gandhi lose the election?

Ambika Soni did not consider Sanjay a good speaker. His method of campaigning was all wrong. He either drove through his constituency or merely allowed people to see him, saying little. Family planning and police excesses had made people angry.

Asked to comment on the role of the Youth Congress in alienating both the senior leadership and the people, Ambika Soni admitted that cases had come to light where money was being extracted on behalf of the Youth Congress. Though she was the Youth Congress President, things began to be done without her being in the picture. For instance, she was not associated with the "Geeton Bhari Shaam" function in Delhi in which film stars participated. The film stars met her later and complained that they had been forced to come to Delhi and were resentful of the way things were done.

She fell sick and was in hospital for some time. While there she read reports of Rukhsana Sultana who had been doing family planning work among Muslims in Delhi, addressing Youth Congress meetings. Rukshana had nothing to do with the Youth Congress!

"Her house became a centre of power with Ministers waiting outside her door," she added. Sanjay had told her he would be sending her a lady with an impressive reputation to work for the Youth Congress. But Rukhsana did not turn up, perhaps she chose to function on her own. People like Rukhsana, Ambika Soni felt, did a good deal of harm to the organisation.

Much went wrong with the Youth Congress during the Emergency. Lacking ideology it became a centre for infiltration. It had no clear-cut guidelines and socialism had already become a bad word. "Sanjay did not approve of my left-of-centre views."

Ambika Soni felt that some people were given excessive importance. Sanjay was praised unduly at the AICC session in Delhi. He has his points; she found him simple, fearless, even reckless. Both Mr. D. K. Barooah and Mrs. Purabi Mukherji wanted Sanjay

In the second chapter of her book PROMILLA KALHAN discusses the egocentric personalities of Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay and the rise of Ambika Soni and Rukhsana

in the Working Committee. But one had to give credit to Mrs. Gandhi that she said "no." After the Gauhati Congress session, however, things began to change. Mrs. Gandhi gave a good chit to the Youth Congress.

Like some other Congress MPs, Ambika feels that it is a good thing that the Congress is in the Opposition today. No Congressman thought he could ever be out of power. A two or three-party system will perhaps lead to less corruption in politics and will not generate sycophancy. Being in power for thirty years is much too long for any political party. The organisational structure of the Congress deteriorated during this time. She hopes the Congress party will not be wiped out. For this, a purge is necessary. But there are no signs of it yet.

About Mrs. Gandhi who had been her political mentor and for whom she said she had harboured fondness, she spoke without reserve. "Mrs. Gandhi will not be a super-leader. Instead there will be collective leadership. The Congress must do without her for a time." Ambika Soni feels that a new leadership must be given a chance to come up in the Congress. If that does not happen and if Mrs. Gandhi decides to make a come-back, she would quit the Congress. Since the Janata Party was backed by moral force, Ambika Soni said the Party deserved to be given all support.

The last four or five months of Mrs. Gandhi's rule were months of anguish for associates like herself who worked closely with her. Mrs. Gandhi became cold and distant. It became increasingly difficult to meet her. Her Personal Assistant, R. K. Dhawan, screened the names of everyone who had to meet her and he tried to put people off. On one occasion when she was at No. 1 Safdarjung Road, she says she saw Sanjay and Dhawan screening a list of people wanting to meet the Prime Minister. She was not sure that all letters and reports sent to Mrs. Gandhi were not intercepted. Mrs. Soni relates several instances to show that efforts were made to keep things from Mrs. Gandhi. After a visit to Madhya Pradesh Mrs. Soni and she called on Mrs. Gandhi and told her that many people she had met in the State tolked about a particular Minister there who was known to be corrupt.

Mrs. Gandhi noted down his name. "A few days later Dhawan reprimanded me for mentioning the Minister's name to Mrs. Gandhi. He said I should mention such things to Sanjay or to him and not to Mrs. Gandhi."

After the Turkman Gate incident, Mrs. Gandhi asked Ambika Soni to visit Khichripur to assuage the feelings of people who had been shifted there from the Turkman Gate area. When she went there she found people greatly worked up. "They made me taste dirty water that they were forced to drink. I have not even today recovered from a kidney infection I sustained thereafter. I promised the people that they would be able to meet Mrs. Gandhi, which was one of their demands. But much as I tried, this meeting did not come about. I had sent Mrs. Gandhi a report on Khichripur and the peoples' request via Dhawan. There was no reply. I checked up with Dhawan later and he said there was no need for such a meeting."

Was it possible Mrs. Gandhi was unaware of what was going on?

"No. I think she knew about Sanjay's involvement in national politics."

Much has been said of Sanjay's overbearing power over Mrs. Gandhi. What could possibly have been the reason?

"He could be quite rude to his mother. Possibly he derived his power from knowledge of things, concrete things she had been responsible for."

At her lavishly decorated jewellery boutique, I met Rukhsana Sultana, the much publicised friend of Sanjay who shot to fame about a year ago, when she teamed up with him to initiate a sterilisation programme mainly among the Muslim population of Delhi. It was at this boutique that Ministers and other VIPs used to line up during the Emergency to pay court to "Rukhsana Sahiba", as she was referred to.

Reclining on a sofa, dressed in a printed chiffon sari and diamonds sparkling on her fingers, Rukhsana said she had been able to get about 13,000 vasectomies performed in four months. "But there were no excesses. Look, here are a large number of applications for sterilisation from men whom we refused to sterilise."

Why was their request for sterilisation turned down?

"Because many of them had already been sterilised! Being poor they were coming forward so that they could collect the Rs. 75 we were offering plus a tin of ghee, etc."

Rukhsana said her marriage had broken up sometime ago. She had always wanted to involve herself in social work and considered population control important for the country. She had chalked out a career for herself as an expert in precious stones and had been trained in Paris and elsewhere. When Sanjay Gandhi started his youth programmes she decided to volunteer. "He had always emphasised that we must work for the poor. He is clean of heart and mind," said Rukhsana.

What about all those demolitions? What about the tragedy of the people of Turkman Gate?

"Demolitions have been going on for some years. At that time Sanjay was not in the picture. There was even an incident where police had to open fire."

Why was so much demolition being done?

"I don't know. Jagmohan and others were doing it. It seemed to be going on all the time."

Rukhsana seemed upset that Sanjay had just sold his flat.

Was he not staying with Mrs. Gandhi at No. 12 Willingdon Crescent?

"Yes, but he has sold his own flat," she repeated, downcast.

Was she referring to Sanjay's pleasure house in the Sagar Suri apartments on Tilak Marg?

Rukhsana pretended she had not heard me. Why did he sell the flat? Did he need money to pay his lawyers?

"We are all in debt so that we can pay the lawyers, all of us who had any connection with Sanjay."

Why?

"Because there are bound to be enquiries all around. I want all my documents straightened out."

What about Sanjay?

"He will be able to clear himself. They are keeping quiet. When the time comes Mrs. Gandhi will speak."

What did Rukhsana have to say about Mrs. Ambika Soni's remarks about herself?

"She is jealous of me," replied Rukhsana, who considers herself a cut above Mrs. Soni

Continued on page 40

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I'M AFRAID YOU FAILED THE TEST, MA'AM -
OH, DEAR - WHAT DID I DO WRONG?
DEPT. OF DRIVERS LICENSES
DRIVING TESTS
WAS IT THE RED LIGHT I DIDN'T STOP FOR?
THAT WAS PART OF IT-
WAS IT BECAUSE I WENT THE WRONG WAY ON THE ONE-WAY STREET?
THAT DIDN'T HELP EITHER-
I KNOW - IT WAS THAT PARKED CAR I RAN INTO.... THAT WAS REALLY IT, WASN'T IT?
YES -
I WAS AFRAID THAT WAS IT -
WOULD YOU HAVE PASSED ME IF IT HADN'T BEEN YOUR CAR?
4-10
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world of laughter

Newly wed husband: "Do you mean to say there's only one course for dinner tonight? Just cheese?"

Wife: "Yes, dear. You see when the chops caught fire and fell into the dessert, I had to use the soup to put it out."

* * *

"What's wrong, Henry?" asked his wife.

"My razor," boomed the voice within the bathroom. "It doesn't cut at all."

"Don't be silly, Your beard can't be tougher than linoleum."

* * *

She: "Do you like my new gown?"

He: "Yes, but I would suggest that you get into it a little farther."

* * *

"I think you're a wretch. My first husband said I was far and away the best wife in the world."

"So you are, when you're far and away."

* * *

The young bride was asked what she though of married life.

"Oh, there's not much difference," she replied. "I used to wait up half the night for George to go, and now I wait up half the night for him to come home."

* * *

"Do you remember when we met in a revolving door?"

"Goodness, yes. That was when we started going around together, wasn't it?"

* * *

Woman friend: "No wonder Edith won't look at you. It's your own fault. You act like a slave — fawning and cringing before her, as if you didn't dare to call your soul your own."

Mr. Wormley: "Don't women like that kind of thing?"

Woman friend: "Um — not until after marriage."

* * *

He: "Oh, Peggy, I shall be so miserable all the while I'm away from you."

She: "Oh, darling, if I could be sure of that, it would make me so happy."

* * *

Young woman (holding out her hand): "Will you please tell me how to pronounce the name of the stone in this ring? Is it turkoise or turkwoise?"

Jeweller (after inspecting it): "Madam, the correct pronunciation is 'glass'."

* * *

Bill: "That was the unkindest cut of all, as the poet says."

Harry: "What was?"

Bill: "I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee and she said, 'My, who is the ventriloquist?' "

* * *

"No, Henry, I don't think a manicurist should marry a dentist."

"And why not?"

"If we fought, it would be tooth and nail."

* * *

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your troubles."

"But darling," he murmured, "I have none."

"No," she agreed, "but I mean when we're married."

* * *

Why is a large coat like a banana skin?

Both are easy to slip on.

* * *

There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who had a great passion for truth.
She said she would die
Before she would lie,
And she died in the prime of her youth.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

THE MOOD IS MYTHOLOGICAL

Neel Dasgupta, a talented housewife from Calcutta, is a self-taught artist. She was an avid collector of batiks and spent a lot of money puchasing them. One day it occurred to her, "Why can't I make these myself?" So armed with a do-it-yourself book on batik, wax, colours and brushes, she created her first painting of Goddess Durga. This was the beginning of a hobby from which she derives "tremendous peace of mind."

Encouraged with the success of her work, she continued experimenting with this interesting medium. Featured here are three of her batiks — Kali, Ganesha and Durga. Her designs are clear, well executed in vibrant colours.

Neel is also a designer at "Angik", a boutique which provides an outlet for the creative talents of the underprivileged women.

DECISION NOT TO WORK

Mini Kapadia

Men, through the ages have tended to talk about the "little woman" not only as if she was little in height, but as if she had a little pea brain.

But because these apparently inferior creatures happen to be our beloved daughters we give them the best of everything we can afford. We send them to schools and colleges, and we create an enormous number of educated women. They go to first class colleges, compete magnificently with men, get more honours degrees than men do. Then they are told after they have taken themselves seriously for four years in college and the years working up to that, "Forget it dear, you are a girl, you are a woman. We must find you a big strong man, hopefully a rich one, marry him and live happily ever after."

But are they living happily ever after?

Dr. Bernice Sandler, a well known crusader for womens' rights in America, says: "Studies indicate that non-working wives are about 60 times more likely to get depressed than wives who do work. A girl is raised to grow up, fall in love, get married, have children, raise children. Then why do women get depressed when they get married? Is it because they cannot adjust as well to the things that one has to give up when one marries? One does have to adjust tremendously."

In the old family stereotype of the husband and wife, the husband gets up in the morning, eats breakfast, bids goodbye to his wife and kids and then leaves. The mother takes care of the children, cleans the house, goes out and does the shopping and the cooking and waits until the husband gets home again. The only thing women are supposed to do is raise children and keep houses.

How does the educated middle-class non-working housewife combat the problem of the stereotype? Does she feel that she has lost her individuality, her creativity, in the endless chores — cooking, cleaning, sewing, shopping — breakfast, lunch, tea dinner — day in and day out? Does it seem as if laying and cleaning away the table has become the be all and end all of human existence? If affluent and the mistress of a well-staffed house, how did she spend the long hours awaiting her husband's return?

Wife of a busy man holding a top managerial position in a well known German concern in Bombay, Indu Bhatia has a lot to occupy her.

Member of various associations among them IND-US (Indo-American Women's Association) and Maharashtra State Women's Council, she attends their meetings regularly. Gracious and friendly, Indu loves entertaining and experimenting with new dishes. She has her own circle of friends with whom she keeps regular contact. Besides, Indu takes a keen interest in her home, which she has over the years lovingly and tastefully furnished. Possessing an interior decorator's eye for design and colour combination, Indu spends many creative hours doing up her home and those of her friends.

Married six years ago, Indu exchanged a job for a home. "The first 6-8 months of staying at home were terrible," she confides, "with trained help at home, I just did not know what to do. I got very bored, so I started going to libraries and visited mother far too often!" But gradually she started taking an interest in the house. Planning and setting up the house took up a lot of time.

Highly qualified, with a B. A. degree, a Master's in International Relations, certificate courses in French and Russian, as well as a Diploma in Marketing and Advertising to her credit, Indu left a well paying job with an advertising concern to become a full time housewife and home maker. With a promotion and a substantial rise in salary just around the corner, Indu was reluctant to give up her job, but her husband Suhas, a much travelled man with a prolonged sojourn in foreign places, felt it was time to settle down with home and family.

Asha Shanbhag made her own decision not to work: "My husband's a very democratic person."

To have educated women stop working with marriage seems such a waste of time, effort, money and talent. But many of them seem to find satisfactory ways of redirecting their energies and creativity

He wanted her to give full attention to the house, later on if she could spare the time, he did not mind her taking up a part time job. "And Advertising is more than a full time job. Once involved, all your waking hours are spent planning campaigns and thinking up new ways of advertising a product. More often than not you would end up going early to work and coming late, in which case it would have been the home that would have been neglected," says Indu.

Indu does not feel that not having a job has in any way hampered her mental growth and well being. "Though I don't bring home a monthly pay packet I don't feel I have stopped working, I have just redirected my energies, my creativity, to a different channel."

A gifted artist, Indu took up painting seriously after marriage. To date she has held two exhibitions of her paintings and very soon she is planning her third. Having a natural flair for designing, Indu's ambition is to establish an arty kind of a shop selling wall hangings, carpets, sarees, paintings and handicrafts that people will find different and unusual. But that will require a lot of investment, she says.

Indu sums up her life style simply, "Whatever I do I must do things fully, there are no half measures for me. When I was working, my mind was fully involved in it. As a housewife I have put my heart and soul into the house — to be a good wife and housekeeper. I have no regrets whatsoever."

After graduating from Delhi University, Kanta Keswani did secretarial work for a Japanese firm for four years. Passing a Diploma course in child education, Kanta also taught for a year in a school.

Now married and the proud mother of an engaging two-year-old, Kanta is awaiting the birth of her second child.

Serene and content, Kanta did not experience a forceful urge to carry on with a job. "Moreover, I had my fill of working. It was a good experience in itself, but beyond a certain time any job becomes routine and boring. Now I am concentrating on babies instead!"

Her engineer husband, who is a partner in an electrical and engineering firm, would not mind if she took up a part-time job but feels that a full-time job must be made available to somebody who has the financial need of it.

While busy preparing for the second arrival, Kanta's prime concern at the moment is her little daughter who needs her care and attention. "Provided the children are well looked after, I would like to take up a part-time job or a course." Kanta explained. Even then she would hesitate to leave her children at home for long hours while she was out at work.

How does she spend her time? Married only three years now,

Indu Bhatia: "The first few months of staying at home were terrible," but now it's mainly a matter of rechannelling abilities.

Kanta had her first baby within a year, which did not leave time for much else. Yet she busied herself with courses in Interior Decoration, cooking and flower arrangement. Having a genuine interest in everything connected with home management, Kanta plans to take up more intensive courses, time permitting.

What about social life? Kanta does not belong to any club, association or organisation and her pet dislikes are card sessions and hen parties. "There are so many better things to do — reading, for example," she says. Evenings are a bit of everything — entertaining at home, film shows and visiting friends.

Talking of her teenage days, Kanta remembered with nostalgia, that she had a fervent desire to become an air hostess, but added quickly, "I am glad I didn't, as later on I discovered I was terrified of aircraft!"

Any regrets, hopes, aspirations? Kanta smiled a no for an answer. She was satisfied with the course her life had taken. This is what she had to say: "After three years of marriage I have come to the conclusion that I must adjust my needs to my husband's, he being far busier than me."

To Asha Merchant fulfilment is a woman lies in being "where

After marriage to a businessman in 1961, Asha moved to Surat. Blessed with understanding in-laws and a husband who went all out to encourage her activities, had she wanted to take up a job, Asha would have faced no problems. But she feels she would not have been in a position to cope with a job.

"Initially I was undecided whether to take up work or to study further. Besides, setting up the house also took up time." In the intervening years, with a sickly baby taking up most of her time, and subject to ill health herself, Asha confined her activities to the house. It was only after the birth of her second child that she resumed teaching part time in a convent school.

Though successful and competent as a teacher, as long as the children are young and needed her care and attention, she would never think of taking up full time teaching or any other activity that would not permit her to spend time with her family. Asha is a devoted mother and takes great pride in her daughter and son who are of school going age.

Vivacious and outgoing, Asha loves socialising and can't resist talking to people. "In Surat, social life without the husband does not exist, so we go out only when he is free." Managing the

For Kailas Desai, a high school principal at 27, the decision not to work was part of the marriage deal.

I am wanted — not measured by any yardstick of success, recognition or financial gain. My family comes first. I wouldn't feel fulfilled without a happy family life."

A brilliant student in school and college, Asha graduated in 1958 with a first class first in B.A. Always fond of teaching, she took up a teaching job in the beautiful hill resort of Dalhousie, teaching French and English.

Educated and intelligent, Asha regarded her job as a form of self-expression and her earnings as a measure of self-esteem rather than a vital financial prop.

family textile unit, Chandrakant often has to spend long and irregular hours at the factory, which means that they are often delayed for social engagements.

What other activities? Asha is a voracious reader, very often burning the midnight oil intent on reading the last pages of an exciting book. As a woman living in society and aware of social problems, she keeps herself informed of political and economic developments, and has many intelligent and independent viewpoints in offer. Proficient in the arts of knitting and embroidery, and musically inclined, she plays the piano whenever the mood seizes her.

Her future plans include an active interest and greater involvement in the family business.

Any regrets? "Perhaps I could have made my days fuller and more rewarding . . ."

Apart from that, life is for living and Asha is doing just that!

A neighbour everybody would love to have is Sujata Srivatsa. Quiet, shy and unassuming, she lends a sympathetic ear to others' woes and troubles and goes out of her way to help people. A hard luck tale is sure to move her.

Though brought up in Delhi, she was reared in the traditions of South Indian girlhood. Soon after graduation from Delhi University she got married in 1968 and moved to Maharashtra. Mother of a young school going son, she spends most of her time at home.

Though Sujata accepts the fact that additional income is always welcome in a city like Bombay, she would not like to take up an office job. Sujata lists her reasons: first of all, she would always like to be at hand to greet her husband when he comes home, and to look after his comforts. "If I was working, I may be too tired to make tea for him, etc. Besides, other joint interests would suffer, we both have a deep interest in classical music and like to sing together, or play cards many a quiet evening." If she worked there would not be the time nor the inclination to share things together.

Sujata feels happy in the company of children. Her great desire is to spend her time with physically handicapped and orphan children. "They build a barrier of aloofness around themselves which is very difficult to penetrate," she feels. She wants to extend her help and understanding to them not so much as a teacher, as a companion who participates in their activities.

Apart from this aspiration Sujata manages her home with clock work efficiency. There is a fixed day and time for all the household chores. Possessing genuine antique furniture, some which are family heirlooms, much time is spent in its maintenance and cleaning.

Religious minded, with a deep and abiding faith, Sujata spends her mornings in the rituals of puja. Being an eclectic believing in all religions and faiths, she is as likely to visit a mosque as a temple. "If there was a church nearby, I would go there also," she says.

Fond of reading, she keeps abreast with the news of the day during the brief respite she has in the afternoons.

Above all she likes to spend time with her husband, and enjoys the intellectual companionship that he has to offer. Apart from her unfulfilled desire for community service, Sujata feels at peace and satisfied with the course her life has taken.

Incredibly youthful for her 47 years, Asha Shanbhag, radiates charm and joy. Married in 1951, she has two grown up children and a husband who is a proprietor of a well-known book depot in Bombay.

Interested in everything, Asha Shanbhag has never experienced a dull moment in her life. She is a self-taught painter with some lovely paintings to her credit, she has learned a few handicrafts, she has attended cooking, house management, art appreciation and conversation classes. A deep love for Nature has led Mrs. Shanbhag to create a veritable greenhouse of her spacious balcony.

"I had no ambition to work. Twenty-five years ago few women thought of working outside their homes," she says. "Though I thought of helping my husband with the bookshop, soon after marriage the children arrived and the idea of working outside was dropped."

Speaking warmly of her husband, Mrs. Shanbhag says that if she had wanted to work, her husband would not have objected. "He is a very democratic person. Right from our marriage he has given me the freedom of choice to work or not to work." Over the years they have built up a meaningful relationship and together with the children they make a happy family, though she feels, "If I was working in the business with him, it would have brought us even closer to each other and he would have depended more on me."

Now with the children grown up she will have more time for her activities. What are her plans? She is simply teeming with ideas. She would like to go abroad for a few months. Then "after I come back I would like to help my husband in his office" and perhaps do some social work. She plans to take up again the passion of her youth — classical music. She learnt music as a hobby and soon became so adept at playing the sitar and singing that at one time she received offers for playback singing from eminent music directors.

Mrs. Shanbhag leads a busy social life of her own and loves entertaining. "But I don't like to play cards, I would rather read, we are all avid readers."

Given a chance again, she would have liked to study further and work for a few years before settling down to happy motherhood.

In the year 1949, at the age of 27, Kailas Desai (nee Gheewala) became the principal of a Girl's High School in Surat. She was not married at the time. She had an illustrious academic career behind her. Specialising in Sanskrit and English, she passed B.A. in 1943, M.A. in 1946 followed by B.T. in 1948. As family finances were at a low

Continued on page 27

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MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE LEARNING KARATE — BUT NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT HELPS THEM TO PROTECT THEMSELVES — IT ALSO HELPS THEIR FIGURES AND THEIR MINDS!

"Follow the sound," directed the caravan. The quest was for the Seibukan Academy of Martial Arts. Cacophonous shrieks, catcalls, hysterical cheers, wolf whistles, stamping of feet, caps flying, hands clapping. "A sixer. . . he's hit a boundary. . ." More mass hysteria. All these sounds—and more — one has learnt to expect from the stands of the Wankhede Stadium, the rendezvous of cricket fans. The sounds that emanated from the North stand in the gathering dusk the other day were far from cacophonous—uniform, chorus-like, resonant chants from a multitude of karateka replying to the commands of their group leader—in Japanese. A karate class was in session.

At the dojo a sea of figures, all clad in loose white pants and belted tops were busy executing callisthenics and fundamental movements of karate—punching, blocking, kicking and striking.

Karate, Judo, Kung Fu, Aikido, Hapkido—various types of martial arts have recently become popular in the west. Movies like "Enter The Dragon" in which the phenomenal Bruce Lee displays a combination of traditional karate, Kung Fu and his own invention —Jeetkunedo—and "Billy Jack" have enthralled audiences in India. Judo classes have existed here since the past two decades. Pervez Mistry, an exponent of the martial arts, Sensei (Japanese for teacher)—as his female students reverently allude to him—learnt judo from a Japanese instructor and has been teaching this for the past seventeen years. In 1968 he studied karate under the chief director of the Seibukan Academy in Japan for a year, returned to Bombay and established, as technical director, a branch of the Academy here. His was probably the first organisation to start karate not only in the metropolis, but in India.

K-A-R-A-T-E — the phonetic spelling of the Japanese word — literally translated means "empty hands." It is the empty handed art of punching, kicking, striking, blocking consisting of kata —the lifeblood of karate—predetermined forms handed down from master to student through the ages, and kumite — sparring.

"This is the most interesting part of karatedo especially for those who are competitive minded as it involves free combat. There are no rules in Jyu Kumite (free sparring) and anything goes, short of seriously hurting one's opponent. With a greater degree of proficiency one can even find oneself fighting anything upto 5 opponents at the same time," explained Mr. Mistry.

Kata embodies a fixed sequence of attack and defence techniques in the form of imaginary fighting with opponents. The karate repertoire has 100 katas. A seasoned karateka (one who practises karate) slides into new positions smoothly with the agility of a cat, the grace of a ballet dancer —head held erect, eyes straight in front of him, the upper body relaxed when pivoting the hips and sliding the feet, with a marvellous fluidity of motion, executing kicks and punches, using every part of him as weapons — elbows, hands, wrists, fingers, knees, toes and even the head—the way of empty hands.

Prior to impact with the imaginary opponent, as the fist moves, the entire body is tense, all energy is focused on making contact and the karateka emits a kiai or yell to concentrate all his power on the point of contact.

Different styles have different steps and there are numerous variations. The particular style taught at the Saibukan Academy is Go-ju-ryu — hard-soft. For instance, a hard punch is counter-attacked with a soft block, and followed by a very hard kick, strike or thrust.

Whatever the style, however it is taught, karateka maintain, karate leads to the same ideal. The styles are just different means of attaining the same end.

What is the ideal? It is commonly believed that karate, and other martial arts, are cultivated for the purpose of self defence. Period. In fact, the ads inserted in newspapers and periodicals stress upon this particular aspect of judo or karate or aikido. "Do you want to learn to protect yourself? Join. . ."

Colour photographs: Farokh Reporter

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Undoubtedly physical technique and prowess in self defence is an important aspect of the art. But there is another feature of karate — a more important feature than the physical, most karateka maintain — the spiritual.

Karate, it is believed, is a vehicle for self improvement. As Burge Cooper, a black belt from Bombay, explained: "It teaches you tremendous self control and self discipline. In fact, discipline is the underlying principle of all karate teaching." A student doesn't lash out indiscriminately at an object or person. All actions, the muscles, parts of the body are totally under control. Tremendous power of concentration is required. Like yoga (the breathing techniques in Yoga and karate are similar), karate is meant to ennoble the mind as well as develop the body. It leads to the development of the individual in his totality. And as Mr. Cooper said, "It instils confidence and eradicates fear — though not, deep seated and psychological fear — it helps you to overcome shyness, when meeting people, for instance."

Supriya Bose breaks a brick!

As Steve Sanders, head of the Black Karate Federation, a Los Angeles based organisation said, "Karate is not just self defence, it's a means to get you anywhere you want. . . if you can master these techniques, you can master almost anything."

Perhaps the greatest benefit of learning karate is development of self control in an individual. This helps in tackling situations outside the dojo — the place where karate is practised. "For example, if a person bugs you endlessly," a member of the SA explained, "the normal reaction of a warm blooded male would be to punch him in the nose. But you can watch the person and smile, (thanks to the control karate has taught you), instead of knocking his head off!"

One thing is for sure, karate teaches you not to panic, not to lose your head — in any situation.

And yet, one can't really deny its uses for self protection, especially for women constantly exposed to Eve-teasing, purse-snatching, bottom-pinching and what-have-you. A gutsy lady unfamiliar with karate would, in any of the above situations, instinctively lash out in any direction trying to get the mugger or Eve-teaser in any spot. Chances are her fist won't get anywhere near him. But with having practised **Goshin Jitsu** — self defence — which have specially designed moves for the woman, and having practised these moves repetitively in class, chances are the karateka will instinctively, with her heightened reflexes, get him at the right points — like the Adam's apple, his ears, temples — using much less energy and much more style!

In the photograph where the opponent corners the lady in

Continued on page 43

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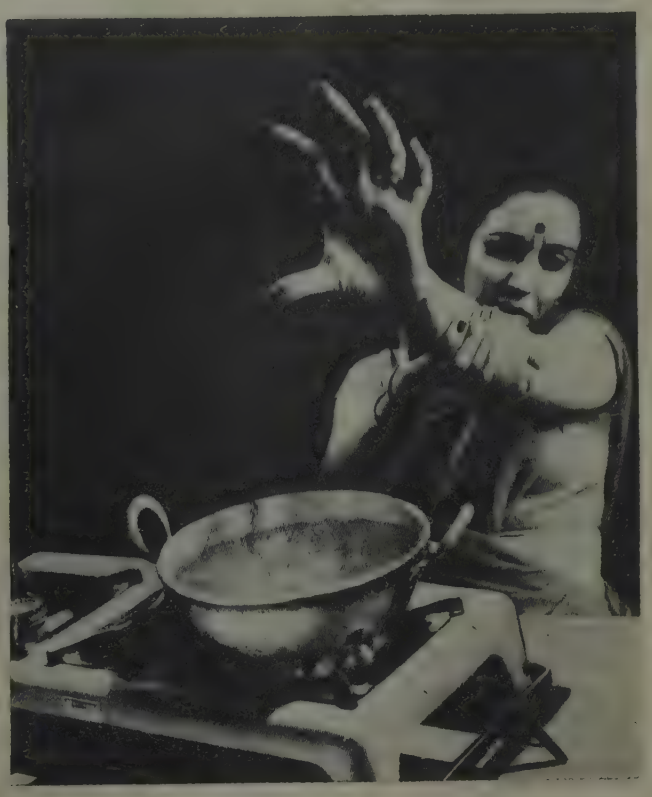

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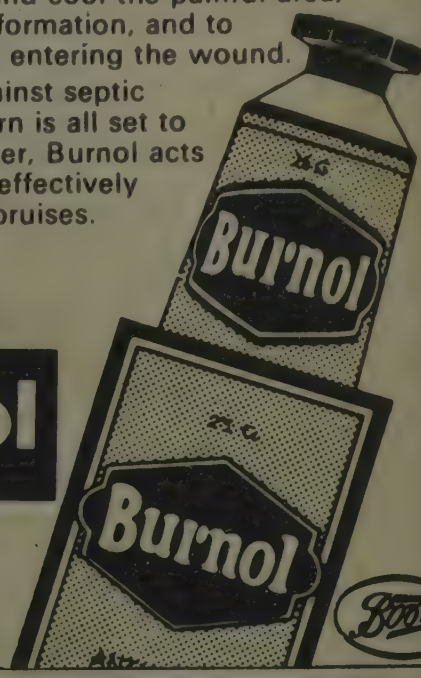

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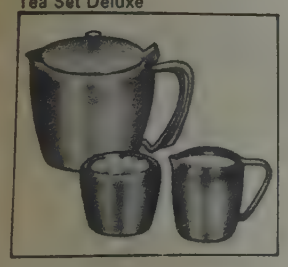

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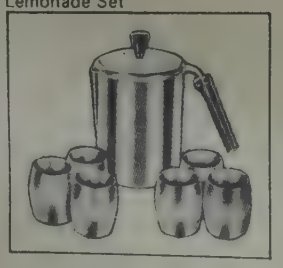

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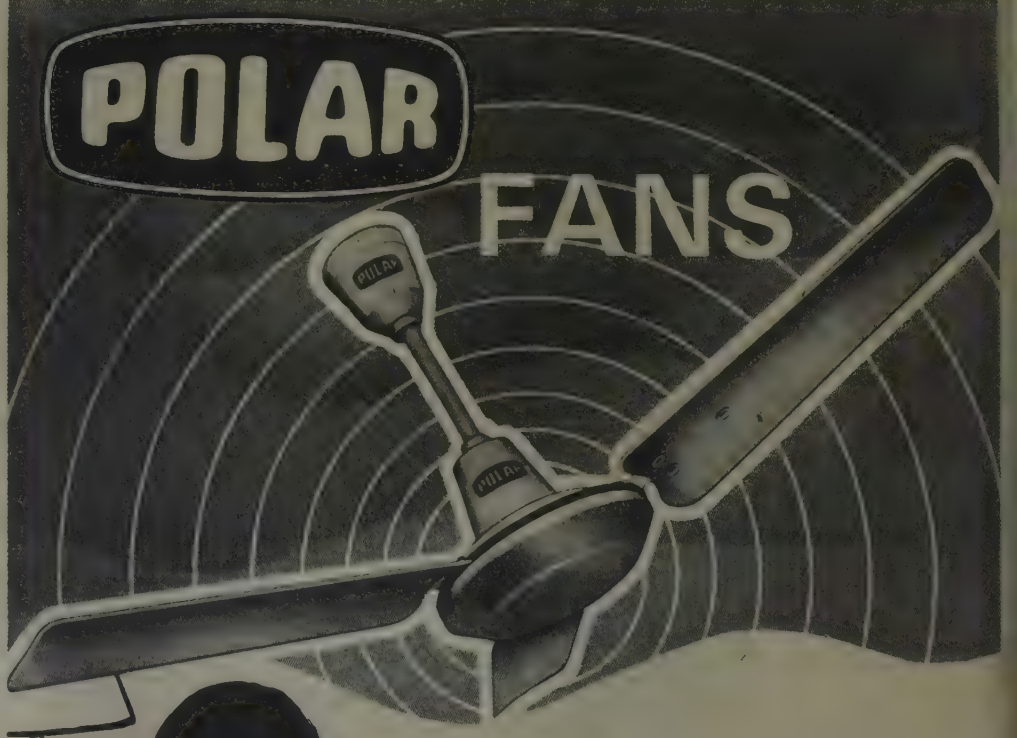

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beauty bulletin

TIPS FOR THIN HAIR

HAIR PROBLEM

My hair is very thin and sparse. What should I do to add fullness to it? Please suggest a suitable hairstyle for me.

R. M. (Hyderabad)

A light perm will give body to your hair, and an all-over thick appearance. You should have a short, blunt cut — somewhere between-the-earlobe-and-chin length.

Keep your hair absolutely clean — this will add body to it. Lank, limp hair looks even thinner. It is better to blow-dry thin hair rather than set it with rollers. And massage your scalp regularly to improve blood circulation. You should not sleep on rollers and avoid overbrushing or overteasing hair.

Never set your hair too tightly. And don't pull hair tightly at the back to make a bun or a pony tail.

BRUSHING OILY HAIR

I have extremely oily hair. I have read in magazines that brushing is beneficial for hair. Is vigorous brushing good for my hair?

Please tell me what type of hairstyle and what type of frame is suitable for a girl having a square face.

A. G. (Simla)

Light brushing is best for your hair — avoid contact with the scalp while brushing. This will help to remove excess oil as well as keep the hair clean.

Oily hair results from overactive oil glands. Brushing does not stimulate these glands but it does distribute the oil through the hair. The best treatment for oily hair is to shampoo it frequently — perhaps two-three times a week.

Here is a suitable style for a square face: soft, waves over the forehead and big, loose curls framing the face. Oversized frames are best for you.

TRY THIS EXERCISE

I am 32 and have a paunch. Please suggest an exercise to get rid of it. Since my back is weak, please do not suggest a strenuous exercise. I am slightly overweight.

P. C. (Srinagar)

First of all, you should check your diet and see that you are not eating in excess.

Since you have a weak back, avoid exercises which involve twists or put strain on the back muscles. And always have a good posture while standing, sitting or walking.

Try this exercise which will remove your paunch and also strengthen your back muscles:

Lie on your back on the floor. Keep left knee bent and foot flat on the floor, right leg straight down. Keep left arm down at side, right arm stretched at the back on floor, beyond head.

Stretch all along right side, pushing down with right small of back on floor, Stretch three times, reverse position and repeat. From the same starting position, one knee flexed, bring opposite knee to chest, straighten leg, and very slowly lower leg to floor...again keeping small of back flat against floor. Repeat three times then flex opposite knee to chest, straighten leg, lower to floor.

Finally hug both knees to chest and rock back and forth.

MANICURE PROBLEM

I manicure my nails weekly. I file them, soak them in warm soapy water, then massage them with a hand cream and rinse them off after some time. Finally I apply the nail polish. But the effect is not satisfactory. Where do you think I have gone wrong?

T. B. B. (Nagpur)

After you massage your hands with the cream, wash them well so that no trace of cream remains as this will not take on the polish well.

Before applying the polish, wipe over the nails with a good polish remover soaked in cotton-wool. This ensures that the nails are absolutely free from grease.

DECISION NOT TO WORK

Continued from page 23

job at the time, Kailasben saw herself through school and college by winning several scholarships. But it was because of her father's encouragement, support and confidence in her that she could achieve all this, she gratefully acknowledges.

Having no intention of getting married, Kailasben was all set for a career in teaching. During her principalship she continued to extend her knowledge by passing with distinction two examinations to enable her to teach and take examinations in Hindi. She also busied herself in social work, took part in public debates and was the secretary of the Principals' Association in Surat.

But marriage finally overtook her rapidly rising career in 1953. At the age of 31, she married an old and coming solicitor. With a position to maintain in the elite society of Bombay, Kailas Desai's life underwent a revolutionary change. One of the conditions she had to agree to was that she would never work again. Her husband wanted her always to be there when he needed her — to be a full time wife and companion.

"In my time, women worked only in case of financial need, one's own ambitions and interests took second place to duty after marriage; my duty was to abide by my husband's wishes."

Continuous work over a period of several years had taken their toll, and she felt in need of a complete mental and physical rest. Marriage brought this longed for quiet and serenity and the time to pursue her hobbies and interests.

Being the wife of a well-known solicitor kept her busy with extensive social duties, but her interest in social work was not allowed to subside over the years. With the full approval of her husband, she did honorary social work in different associations. Today, she edits a Gujarati bimonthly magazine for the Kot Hindu Stree Mandal. She is also the vice-president of the organisation and represents the mandal in the managing committee of the Maharashtra State Women's Council. She gives talks in the children's and ladies' programmes in A. I. R.

Kailasben was sent abroad twice as a delegate to the International Conference of Social Work — to Toronto in 1954 and to Tokyo in 1958. In 1961 she embarked on a tour of Europe with her husband.

As an educationist, she always wanted to share her knowledge with children. Inspired by her foreign travels, by what she saw and experienced there, she wrote five books for children in Gujarati. One of her books won an award from the Gujarat Government.

Kailasben's time passes usefully and rapidly. Boredom is an unknown factor. "I feel tired but not bored," she says. She feels strongly that for a woman, "there are so many avenues of expression for her talents and creativity, not just in a job."

Talk sessions and interviews with several women revealed that many an educated and intelligent housewife having the time and ability, hesitated to take up a job outside her home. There seemed to be a deeply embedded fear that if they did, their marriage would suffer, they would be hurting their husband's ego and going against his wishes.

According to one such housewife, "A woman is told and made to believe that the one thing that she must never do is to compete overtly with a man because his ego is so fragile." But then, don't we all have fragile egos?

But it also became clear that educated women at home do not simply while away their time at beauty parlours and coffee sessions nor do they confine themselves to the narrow world within the four walls of their houses, lost in the monotony of routine and the drudgery of daily chores. They channelised their creative urges to do work compatible with their perceived responsibilities to home and family. Women also seem conscious of the fact that no one can make a full time career of one or two children and sooner or later, the question that assails the educated woman's mind is "What else am I going to do in my life?"

What most women are valiantly fighting for is the chance to choose what they are going to do. If you want and can afford to stay home and take care of the house and be an assistant in your husband's career, fine that is up to you. No one is going to complain. If you want to have children and work before and after you have them that is also up to you. If you want to work the whole time that is also up to you. In other words, all women must have the opportunity to choose what they want to do

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MAN APPEAL

A PLAIN KURTA ACCENTUATED WITH AN EMBROIDERED PANEL AND A MONOGRAMMED POCKET

MATERIALS :

(MODITHREAD) "MTM" Stranded Cotton: 4 skeins Orange 328, 2 skeins Black, 1 skein White, 2.30 metres turquoise blue Terene/cotton material. Milwards' Crewel needle no. 7.

INSTRUCTIONS:

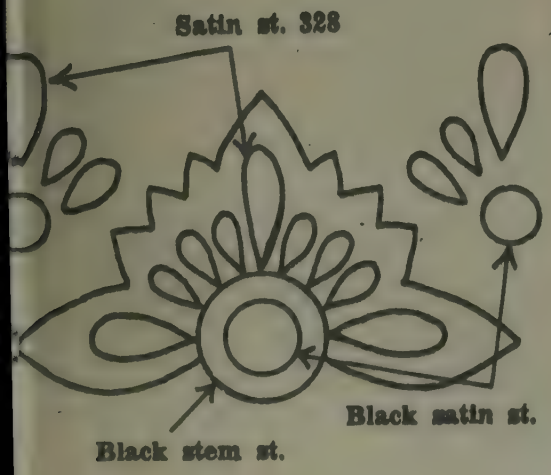
Trace the given pattern on the right front of the kurta, commencing from the shoulder, and, repeat the same on the base of the kurta. Embroider with two strands of thread throughout the work. For stitches and colour indications refer to markings on the illustration. Satin stitches are first padded with straight stitches worked with two strands of the thread.

Work the monogram on the pocket in satin stitch in 328 and the dots in Black.

Having completed the embroidery, press work onto wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Stitch kurta to required measurements.

Arnavaz Dhondy

Photograph : Farokh Reporter



mantras of the gods

Pramilla Bharat Singh

Chaudri Puran Singh looked anxiously down the road. No sign of the prospective party. Thank God for the lateness demanded on such occasions. Still, it was nearing seven o'clock and the time given had been six thirty.

The grimness of the situation lay not in the delay of the party but in the failure of the electricity. How could anyone be in a benevolent frame of mind when the month was May and the temperature 106°?

He picked up his spotless white dhoti to wipe the sweat running down his face, remembered the occasion and dropped it back. No use appearing dirty and dishevelled as well.

At the sound of raised voices he turned quickly back into the house and spoke loudly.

"Why can't you all keep quiet? Don't you know it is time for Suresh and his family to arrive? And where is Sushma?"

His wife attired in a simple mauve printed silk saree hurried forward, followed by his elder son and wife.

"We are all ready. It is only Sushma . . ." his wife's voice trailed away.

Chaudri Puran Singh strode into his daughter's room. All was quiet here. The room tidy and clean. What was the matter with the old woman? Then he saw an unusual sight.

Sushma sat before Shri Bhagwan's murti in a meditative manner. Her pink cotton saree draped carelessly could not conceal the voluptuous curves underneath. A small tight bun stretched away from the face only added piquancy to the pointed face with its large eyes, sharp nose and full pink lips.

All his irritation left him at the sight of his beloved daughter.

"Beti, what is the matter?"

"Nothing babuji," Sushma raised her eyes upwards and met the silent appeal in her parent's eyes. "I am just trying to repeat a few mantras to the God."

"Mantras — you," there was incredulity in his tone."

"Why not?" her voice rose defiantly. "If mataji and that silly pandit can bring me a husband according to their demands, then I can also influence them and maybe . . ." her voice trailed away.

"Are you planning something — if so," her father let the words hang in the air. Seeing the stubborn tilt of the chin he decided to change his tone.

"Beti you might like him. Give him a chance. The family is good, better than ours." Puran Singh wondered what their demand would be. The boy was in the I.A.S. and the family was of good standing. A common friend had introduced them and things had developed satisfactorily. The boy was on leave and if all went well . . .

"Damn this electricity, and where are those two rascals?" he asked as his wife entered the room.

"Your grandsons are playing next door. Bahu, did you tell Vinod and Prem not to come until after eight?" her mother enquired anxiously of her daughter-in-law.

"Yes mataji I told Sushma." They all looked towards her but at that moment a commotion was heard outside their gate. They had arrived. Car doors slammed. It seemed a larger number than expected had arrived.

Sushma discovered later there were only four of them. Suresh, his parents and his elder sister, Padma. She stayed in her room trying to visualize his face and voice. All she could hear was the deep even tenor of his father's voice. Now was the son a cat or a mouse? A mischievous smile lit her face. If only Vinod and Prem did not let her down. Imagine arranging a marriage in this age and time. Her friends would laugh at her. As it was she had the greatest difficulty in not letting Nalini know. Nalini who lived close by and was in the same University and a member of their gang. She looked towards the idols. Did they really have power? How silly and unimaginative. Then surely everyone would have their wishes granted.

"Well panditji, we will see, who will win — you or I."

Sushma strode into the drawing-room much before the appointed time. She had been told to wait until her bhabhi came for her. Well she was not going to be told when to enter her own drawing-room.

An eloquent silence met her entrance. For a moment faces swam before her bewildered eyes. It seemed all the chairs were occupied, including the one she had been supposed to sit on — under the lampshade. to enhance her beauty, so her mother had said. But now there was no electricity and a weak looking candle was struck in an inconvenient corner, illuminating pale anxious faces looking grosteque in their own shadows.

A man rose. Sushma gratefully sank into his seat and looked up. Deep shrewd eyes looked straight into hers and it seemed amusement lit his face. Now what was there to be amused about?

"Let me," quietly he gave her his large handkerchief. "Your mascara is running down your eye," he whispered as he deliberately sat down between her and her elder brother who had been sharing the sofa with him.

Quick resentment flared in her eyes. How dared he! She dropped the handkerchief between them. Let her mascara run. It would help her mantras. She edged towards the end of the sofa. What would her parents think. She met her mother's reproving eye and looked away. How was she to know he would deliberately sit next to her? She hardly listened to the conversation between their parents. She was aware only of his lean hard leg against hers, her acute awareness of his body and the attractiveness of his features.

"Are you hating all this?" his voice cut in softly.

"Why should I?" she countered. Not for the world would she let her father down.

"Oh, just a guess. I should think, the 'Love Machine' is more your type," he said.

"Love Machine?" she asked curiously.

She was totally against the concept of an arranged marriage—mantras or no mantras—but she was in for a surprise

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"Yes. Haven't you read it? A good book. Read it," he smiled at her confusion. "So you have read it. My favourite line also."

Sushma was sure Suresh was teasing her. If only her parents were not present she would show him the stuff she was made of. She felt his parents look her over. She lowered her eyes demurely.

"Why this sudden humility? It is I you have to impress, not my parents. The final choice is mine," he spoke close to her ear. She felt her brother lean forward to listen to their conversation. A giggle rose in her throat. If he could overhear he would surely be scandalized. Sometimes she felt her brother was more staid and orthodox than her father.

She raised furious eyes at him.

"Do you want to know what I think of you?"

"Why yes. I am terribly interested," his rejoinder was quick and he leant even closer to her. She felt her pulse beat erratically at his proximity.

"Go ... to ..." even as she mouthed the words her bhabhi approached them with a loaded tray. Her brother sprang adroitly to help her. Sushma was sure he was glad to interrupt their low conversation.

She did not get up to help. She had been told not to. Suresh asked her politely, "Tea for you?"

"No, I don't drink tea. I will have tomato juice." The red liquid had already been prepared for her and she held the glass delicately between slim fingers, She sipped her drink and glanced surreptitiously at Suresh. He looked straight back at her.

"Not liking it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your drink. I like mine very much," he looked meaningfully at her flushed cheeks.

Sushma looked away. Where were the boys? And then pandemonium broke loose. Vinod and Prem tore into the room. "Papa, mama, where is didi?" They called her 'didi', much to her parents' disgust and bhabhi's annoyance.

"Here," murmured Sushma.

They ran straight to her. Her drink spilled all over her saree and his grey trousers.

The thick red liquid spread slowly down to the carpet. The boys were hauled back and the lights came on.

In the sudden brightness, their faces seemed comical.

"I am really sorry," Sushma raised an unrepentant face to Suresh.

He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"A very old ruse. Why didn't you try something new?" As she rose to go, he murmured, "Try again."

"Go and change your saree," her mother said, and looked apologetically at her guests. "They are so high-spirited. And so fond of Sushma." The guests nodded sympathetically. At her gentle tone Vinod and Prem hurried forward and sat near her feet. They dared not look towards their father.

Rebelliously Sushma threw her saree on the bed unmindful of the stain which might spread on the bed cover. She pulled on her loose trousers and short top. To hell with him. Defiantly she opened out her tight bun. The dark hair fell softly on either side of her face giving it a new softness and femininity. She wiped off the mascara and all the make-up. Now she felt normal. A reluctant smile lit her face. He was her type, no doubt. If only they had met in normal circumstances...

When she returned she found her seat occupied by her father. Now was that deliberate? Sushma sat down slowly on the stool under the lamp-shade. She felt her father look annoyed at her mode of dress. She refused to meet his eye. As far as she was concerned it was all over.

After they left, a strained silence met her father as he came back into the house.

"All of you had better sit down. I have something to say. In future no meeting will be arranged without Sushma's approval. If today was an indication of things to come, then I prefer that she remain as she is. At least there will be no disrespect to our family. Such behaviour I shall not tolerate in the future. As for you two," he glowered at his grandsons, "get out and go and see the T. V. next door."

"Don't get disappointed. This was to be expected," his wife spoke encouragingly.

"Expected! What do you mean?" Chaudri Puran Singh felt a rising anger at his wife's humility. "What is wrong with our family? And Sushma! She is a lovely girl — above the likes of that stuffed shirt. And," he looked contemptuously at his wife, "what happened to your mantras?"

"They cannot lie. The pandit told me that it was written in the mantras that nothing auspicious could result from this meeting," her mother spoke firmly.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" her father's voice rose.

"Because it was too late. And nothing gained is nothing lost." There was complacency in her mother's tones.

"Oh go away. I am fed up with the lot of you." As Sushma got up to go, he said, "Wait Beti. You were reciting your mother's mantras today. What have you got to say?"

A mischievous look sprang into her eyes.

"Wait and see."

The telephone rang loud and shrill. For a moment no one moved.

Then Sushma picked up the receiver.

"Yes — of course. No, why should I? Yes, my parents are agreeable. Yes. I'll be there — 'bye."

"That was Suresh," she informed them, "he wants me to go to the movies with him, tomorrow evening. I have agreed." The bedrooom door shut quietly on their startled faces

DISHES TO REMEMBER

Premila Lal

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VERMICELLI SOUP

125 grams vermicelli
2 onions
1 tbsp. coriander leaves (chopped)
5 cups tomato juice
2 tbsps. butter
Salt to taste
Freshly ground pepper
4-5 tbsps. grated cheese

Heat the butter and fry the vermicelli until pale brown. Put in a saucepan and add minced onions, coriander and a cup of tomato juice; stir and pour in the remaining juice. Cook for 5 minu-

Photograph: Farokh Reporter.

s and season. Pour in soup owls and sprinkle with cheese. erve immediately.

RAWN AND TOMATO SOUP

large cup prawns, shelled
kg. tomatoes, skin and chop
550 grams onions, sliced fine
tbsp. chopped coriander
225 grams noodles, cooked
tbsps. butter
cloves garlic, crushed
A pinch of ground, roasted cuminseed
Pepper
Salt to taste

Cook the prawns in about 3 litres of water until tender. Drain the stock and keep aside. Heat the butter in a pan and fry the onions until soft. Add tomatoes, garlic and seasoning. Cook gently until tomatoes are very soft. Add the prawn stock and simmer for ½ hour. Add prawns, noodles and coriander. Serve hot.

ORIENTAL MEAT BALL SOUP

FOR CASING:

½ kg. rice
½ kg. minced meat (mutton)

FOR STUFFING:

½ kg. minced meat (pork)
2 large onions, minced
Seasoning

STOCK:

1½ kg. soup bones
2 quarts water
¾ kg. vegetable marrow (doodhi)
¼ kg. brinjals
¼ kg. turnips
¼ kg. cauliflower
Juice of two fresh tomatoes
Lemon juice to taste
1 tsp. dried mint
Seasoning to taste

Clean and wash the rice and soak in water for an hour. Drain and grind with the meat very finely to make a thick paste. Mix the onion and meat and add enough seasoning to the stuffing. Take a small ball of the paste for casing and flatten on the palm of your hand as finely as possible without breaking the dough. Stuff with meat mixture and close firmly. Follow this method till all the mixture has been used.

Cook the bones in the water and bring to a boil. Add vegetables sliced in large pieces, tomato juice, lemon juice to taste and mint. Boil for 1½ hours. Add meat balls, season and cook for 15 minutes. Remove bones and serve very hot. In the traditional meat ball soup only one vegetable is used, but a variety of vegetables add to the flavour.

CHICKEN SPRING ROLLS

250 grams cooked chicken, shredded
125 grams bean sprouts
125 grams onions, sliced
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 tbsp. soya sauce
Pepper and salt
2 green chillis, finely sliced
250 grams flour
Groundnut oil for frying

Heat 1 tablespoon oil and fry onion, bean sprouts, garlic and chillis for 5 minutes. Add chicken and soya sauce and fry for 3 minutes longer. Remove from heat and allow to cool.

Make a batter with the flour and 1½ cups water. Add a pinch of salt. Cook like pancakes and keep aside. Put a spoonful of the mixture in the centre of each pancake, lengthwise and roll on all sides. Seal edges with a little batter and deep fry to a golden brown.

EGG FRIED RICE

2 cups cooked rice, cold
2 tbsps. soya sauce
1 bunch spring onions with tops, sliced
3 cooked crisp bacon slices, crumbled
4 eggs, beaten
Pepper to taste
2 tbsps. oil

Heat oil in a heavy karahi and saute the rice for about 5 minutes till golden brown. Stir in beaten eggs till cooked for about 3 minutes. Stir in the bacon and soya sauce and season with pepper and mix in onion. Stir and cook for a minute before serving.

CHICKEN NOODLES

1 chicken
150 grams noodles
2 eggs
120 grams grated cheese
60 grams flour
½ litre milk
150 grams butter
Pepper
Salt

Clean and joint the chicken and boil the pieces in hot salted water. When cooked remove the meat from the bones and shred it.

Boil the noodles in hot salted water and when tender strain and leave in cold water.

Heat 60 grams of butter and when it melts stir in the flour. Add the milk gradually, stirring all the time and cook for a few minutes until the milk thickens. Add the seasoning, cheese and one egg yolk. Whisk.

Melt 60 grams butter and fry the chicken pieces. When brown, remove. Strain the noodles and fry them in the butter. Mix the noodles with the sauce.

In an oven-proof dish pour in half the noodles and sauce then the chicken pieces and cover them with the remaining noodles. Cover with grated cheese, beaten egg and dots of the remaining butter. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes or until the top is nicely browned.

BEEF STROGANOFF

80 grams button mushrooms, drained
1 large onion
3 tbsps. butter or margarine
½ kg. sirloin steak, cut into strips
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. salt or to taste
1/8 tsp. monosodium glutamate
1/8 tsp. garlic powder or minced fresh garlic
1 tbsp. chopped coriander leaves or parsley
¼ tsp. chilli powder or to taste
240 grams cream (sour)
½ kg. cooked noodles

Saute onion and mushrooms in butter or margarine on a low fire until onion is tender. Add steak and simmer slowly, stirring, for about five minutes. The meat should not be allowed to brown. Sprinkle with pepper, salt, monosodium glutamate, garlic, parsley and chilli powder. Stir and simmer for five minutes. Just before serving, mix in the sour cream, heat briefly over low fire, and serve over noodles.

SPAGHETTI WITH GARLIC AND CORIANDER

350 grams spaghetti
4-5 cloves garlic
½ bunch coriander
2 tbsps. olive oil or salad oil
Salt, pepper and chilli to taste
125 grams grated cheese

Boil the spaghetti in enough salted water as per instructions on the packet. Put cooked spaghetti in a saucepan with warm oil and chopped garlic. Stir well and season with salt, pepper and chilli. Mix in the chopped coriander and serve with grated cheese.

SPAGHETTI WITH SHRIMP SAUCE

350 grams spaghetti, boiled
300 grams cleaned shrimp
2 cups tomato puree
1 onion, chopped
1 tsp. chopped parsley
3 cloves garlic, chopped
¼ tsp. chilli powder
1 tbsp. oil

Heat oil and fry the onion and garlic. Put in shrimps and fry till lightly browned. Add chilli and parsley. Put in the puree and season to taste. Simmer till thickened and serve with plain cooked spaghetti.

FILLED FRENCH OMELETTE

1 cup finely cut cooked meat
3 tbsps. cold water
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 tsp. salt
6 eggs
Pepper
Grated cheese

Use a large skillet for this. An 8" one will do. Heat butter in the skillet, tilt to spread butter evenly over the bottom. Meanwhile blend with a fork the eggs, water, salt and pepper. Pour this into the hot skillet and reduce the heat at once. Keep the heat low. As the omelette sets around the edge, lift with a spatula and tilt skillet so the uncooked egg spreads onto the bottom. Continue this until all the egg is just set. Watch carefully, burning spoils the flavour. Sprinkle the meat and grated cheese over the omelette.

DOLMADES

300 grams minced mutton (cooked)
125 grams rice (cooked)

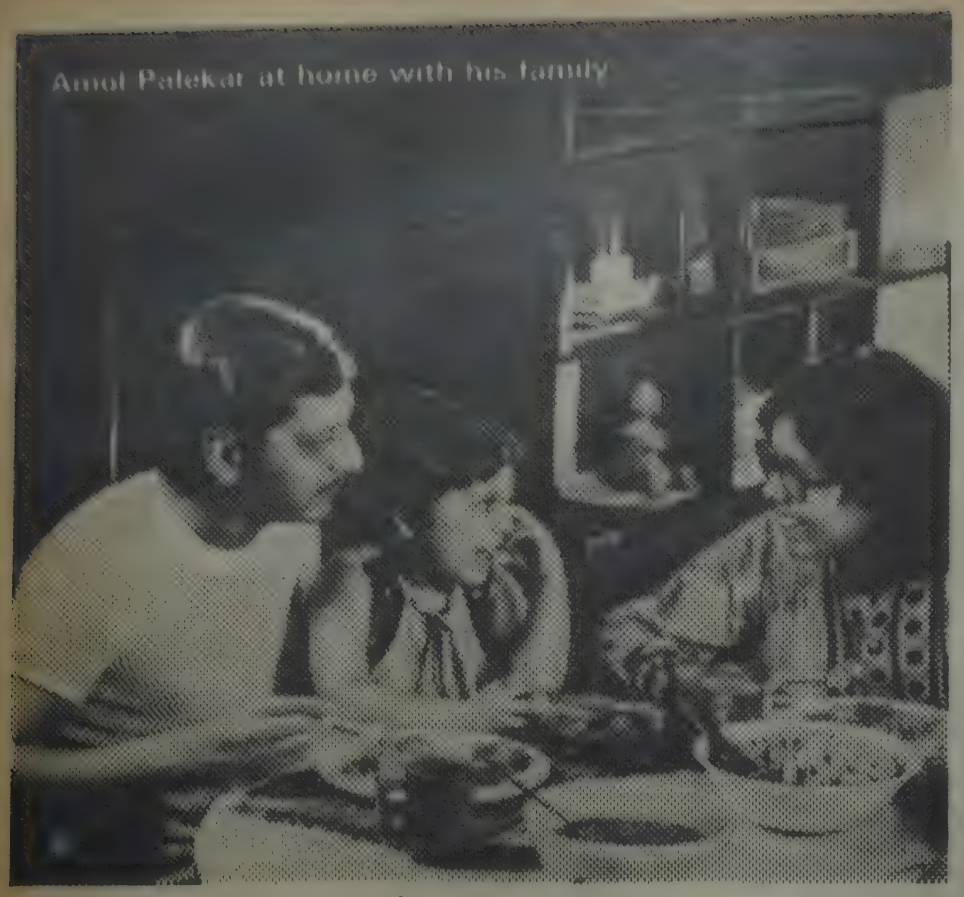
1 onion, finely chopped
3 tbsps. pine nuts
1 tbsp. olive oil
2 tsps. chopped dill or mint
¼ tsp. cinnamon
A little stock
250 grams tomatoes
Salt and pepper to taste
Fresh vine leaves
2-3 tbsps. white wine

Prepare a stuffing by mixing the rice, meat and the next five ingredients. Moisten with a little stock and peeled pulped tomatoes. Dip the vine leaves in hot water to tenderize them. Put a spoonful of the mixture on each leaf and roll up neatly tucking the edges. Put the rolls in a casserole and pour over with wine and enough water to cover, or alternatively cover with enough water in which you have dissolved some tomato puree. Cook for about forty minutes in a moderate oven.

SPICY CHILLI CON CARNE

1 kg. ground mutton
1 cup red beans (rajma)
4 large onions
6 cloves garlic
3 tbsps. red chilli powder
1 capsicum (simla mirchi)
2 tbsps. cumminseed powder
2 minced green chillis
3 cups peeled, chopped tomatoes
4 cloves
2 bay leaves
4 peppercorns
2 tbsps. maize flour (makai)
½ cup salad or cooking oil

Soak the beans overnight. Chop the onions, garlic and capsicum and saute till brown in hot oil. Put in the chilli powder, cloves, bay leaf, peppercorns, cumminseeds and the meat. Brown together till dry and add six cups of water and salt to taste. Simmer for an hour. Meanwhile cook the beans separately till tender. When meat is tender, put in the beans and peeled and chopped tomatoes. Cook for twenty-five minutes stirring occasionally. Add flour and cook till thickened



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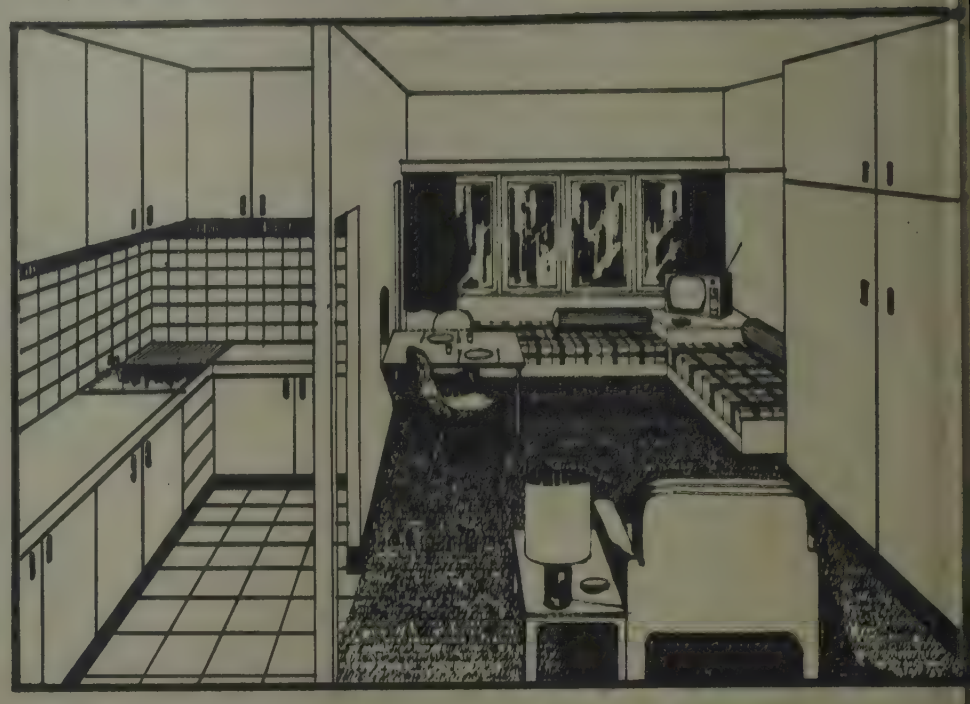

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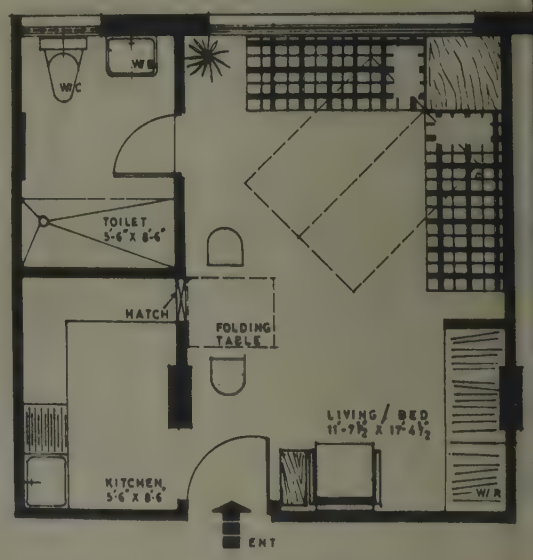

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Sahana Ghosh, Karnataka

SONALI (GOLDEN) BURFI

1 finely grated coconut
½ kg. sugar
½ cup milk
120 grams roasted besan (Bengal gram flour)
½ cup roasted rawa (sooji)
¼ cup roasted groundnuts
A few finely chopped red rose petals
1 tsp. ghee

Mix the grated coconut with sugar, along with the milk in a large karahi.

Place it on a low fire and keep stirring, till the sugar dissolves and the mixture becomes quite thick. Then add roasted besan and rawa and mix thoroughly. When the mixture leaves the sides of the karahi, remove it from the fire and pour it on a greased thali. Smoothen surface and sprinkled dehusked, pounded groundnuts, rose petals and press lightly with a spoon. Let it cool. When still warm, cut into diamond shaped pieces.

Mrs. Geetha Kalyanam, Madras

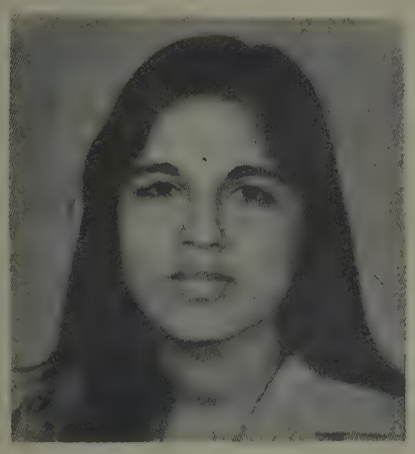
KOTHIMBER VADI

1 cup wheat flour
1 cup gram flour
A large bunch of coriander leaves
1 tsp. til
1 tsp. khush khush
7 cloves garlic
3 green chillis
1 tsp. sugar
Salt to taste
½ lemon
A handful of grated coconut
¼ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. oil

Sieve together the wheat and gram flours. Add chilli powder, turmeric powder and table salt. Then pour in a tablespoon of heated oil and mix thoroughly. Add water and knead to a smooth dough. Let it stand for sometime. Chop coriander leaves. Roast separately the til, khush khush and coconut till they become golden brown (without any ghee). Remove and grind with coriander leaves. Grind the garlic, sugar, green chillis and salt, and mix the paste with coriander mixture. Squeeze the lemon on the masala and mix well.

Make small puris out of the dough. Place the masala on one side of the puri and roll it. Bind both the ends. Steam till done. Cool and fry them in oil till golden brown.

1 weekly winner



Usha Chhabria of Bombay wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

BADSHAHI KICHARI

90 grams rice
6 peppercorns
60 grams moong dal
4 cardamoms
3 onions
1 tsp. rice
2 sticks cinnamon
4 cloves
3 green chillis
1 tsp. rai
1 tbsp. oil

VEGETABLES:

½ kg. curds
1 brinjal
3 potatoes
125 grams green peas
1 tsp. turmeric powder
A few coriander leaves
1 tsp. rai
½ tsp. methi seeds
½ tsp. cumminseed
2 red chillis

GRIND:

6 flakes of garlic
¼ coconut
1" piece ginger

Heat oil and fry rai. Add the cardamoms, cinnamon, cloves, peppercorns, slit green chillis and chopped onions and fry for a little while more. Then add the washed rice and dal and salt and enough water to cook the rice till done.

Boil the green peas, dice the potatoes and brinjal into small pieces and shallow fry potatoes to light brown. In a little oil first fry rai, methi and cumminseeds. Then add the ground masala, red chillis and turmeric powder and fry again. Then add brinjals, remaining potatoes, chopped coriander leaves and salt and cook on a slow fire till done. Mix in the green peas.

In a greased dekchi first put a layer of rice. Then half the vegetables and half beaten curds. Repeat layers till a layer of rice is finally on top. Steam or put in the oven for ½ an hour. Serve in a flat dish decorated with coconut and coriander leaves.

Miss Anubha M. Panse, Bombay

POTATO SIRU

250 grams potatoes
1½ cups boiled milk
1 cup pure ghee
200 grams sugar
8-10 crushed cardamoms
10-12 cashewnuts
10 grams charoli
A pinch of saffron

Boil the potatoes first, peel and mash them. Fry the washed potatoes in a cupful of ghee in a pan on a slow fire till slightly brown. Add milk followed by a pinch of saffron and stir it continuously. When the mixture thickens, add sugar and stir it again for a few minutes. Remove from fire, mix it with freshly crushed cardmoms. Now remove the sira into a bowl and garnish with cashewnuts and charoli and serve.

Mrs. Indira Jenna, Bombay

VEGETABLE CUTLETS

4 large potatoes
200 grams carrots
200 grams French beans
4 large green chillis
½" green ginger
2 tsps. garam masala
1 cup besan (gram flour)
Refined oil or ghee for deep frying
Salt to taste

Boil the potatoes and carrots, cut the beans very fine, shell the peas. Mash the potatoes and carrots. Grind the ginger and green chillis. Soak the bread in water, squeeze well and mix with the potatoes, carrots, beans, peas, ground masala, or garam masala, besan and salt. Mix thoroughly and shape into ovals or rounds and roll evenly in the breadcrumbs. Deep fry in oil till golden brown. Serve with chutney or sauce.

Mrs. R. C. Iyer, Maharashtra

INDIAN SALAD

1 cucumber
1 large apple
1 green chilli, minced
1 tsp. urad dal
1 tsp. ghee
3 tbsps. ground nut
½ tsp. mustard
1 cup curd
Salt to taste

Cut cucumber without removing the outer skin and apple into small pieces. Beat the curd, and the cucumber and apple. Mix in salt. Heat ghee, and curd, along with the mustard and green chilli. When the mustard seeds start spluttering, add urad dal and fry till brown. Add to the cucumber mixture. Roast ground nut, remove and grind. Add to the salad.

Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S.. F.R.C.S.(Eng.),

Adviser: Dr. Sunil J. Parekh

LEUKAEMIA

Leukaemia is no longer the killer it was before new drugs came into the market, and there is hope of complete recovery—if the onset of this dread disease is diagnosed early enough

Cancer is on increase and it is taking a very heavy toll of human life every year. Usually cancer is considered the disease of old age. But it can occur in younger people also. Leukaemia or cancer of the blood cells is an example of cancer that affects the younger generation more and it is a major cause of mortality in children.

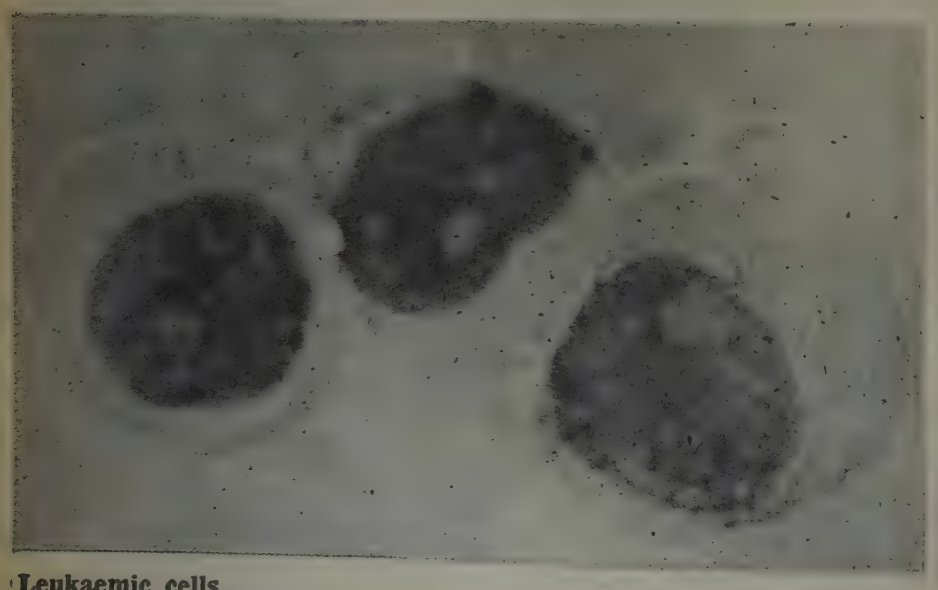
Blood is very vital for the body to survive. Its red cells carry oxygen for the body tissues and its white cells guard the body against invading organisms. A disorganised and revolting army kills its general and the same is true of the cancer of these body soldiers. The body defence system gets deranged in leukaemia and the victim slowly and surely starts inching towards the end. Unfortunately, this deadly disease affect children more. There was no hope in this type of cancer only a few decades ago, but now because of new drugs and better understanding of this disease we have been able to achieve remarkable success in controlling this disease. Like in other ailments if timely treatment is started, it is possible to achieve a complete cure.

About 5 litres of blood, which contains millions of cells, circulate in our body. Their main types are three. The red cells distribute oxygen throughout the body. These cells survive for about 120 days. About one billion cells are formed and destroyed each day in our body. White cells are the security guards of our body. These are bigger than the red cells and are fewer in number. These are of three varieties that have different functions to do. Like red cells these are also manufactured in the bone marrow.

The third type of cells are very tiny and are called the platelets. These help in stopping bleeding by enhancing coagulation of the blood.

used to die of this cancer and the mortality in this cancer was 100 per cent. According to American statistics about 19,000 persons suffer from this disease every year out of which approximately 15,000 do not survive. Though we do not have any specific statistics of our country, we do know that the incidence rate and mortality is quite high and thousands of people die of this cancer. But in this gloom there is a ray of hope. This is perhaps the only cancer where a complete cure is possible and now a great deal of progress has been made in the treatment of leukaemia. There has also been a change in the attitude towards the treatment of the disease, the atmosphere of gloom and despair has been replaced by hope. We now have specialists called medical oncologists for the treatment of this disease. Instead of surgeons, physicians are now in command.

A child who has recovered fully from leukaemia.



Leukaemic cells.

Leukaemia, or cancer of the blood, is concerned with white blood cells. In this the white cells become abnormal. They assume various shapes and become quite big also. Their number increases manifold. These abnormal cells infiltrate into all the parts of the body and start producing damage. They find it difficult to negotiate the tiny blood vessels and block them, thereby starving the tissues supplied by those vessels. These abnormal cells are not capable of performing their duty and can't defend the body against the invading organisms. They become useless and create innumerable problems.

Only until a few decades ago the largest number of patients

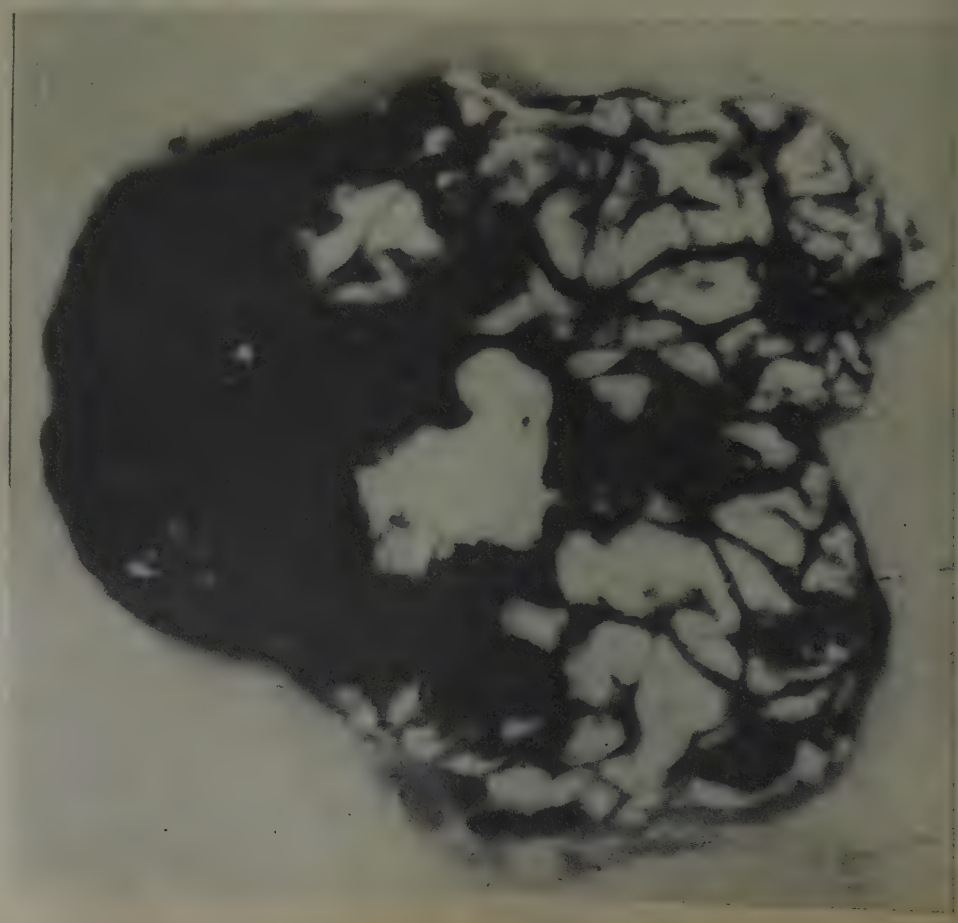
Leukaemia is one cancer that affects all age groups, but it affects children more than adults. There is no particular geographical distribution of this disease and there is no special affinity for any race or locality. However, the incidence of certain types of leukaemia varies in different countries. In children, if this disease is detected early and proper treatment is promptly instituted, a complete cure can be expected. I would like to emphasise this point—that this is one of those few cancers where a complete cure can be achieved. In adults too if proper treatment is implemented, life can be prolonged considerably and the affected person can lead a near normal life.

As far as the hereditary nature of this disease is concerned, it has not been proved to be inherited by the offspring. Nor does it develop during pregnancy. If one of twins suffers from leukaemia then the other child runs a five to one risk of suffering from it. One particular race, the Mongols, are very prone to leukaemia and the incidence in them is very high. This is perhaps because of some genetic defect in them.

If classified according to the rapidity of progress of the disease, leukaemia can be considered broadly in two categories — acute leukaemia (this type of leukaemia spreads very fast and can prove fatal in a few months if proper treatment is not instituted promptly, and children are the usual sufferers from this type of leukaemia) and chronic leukaemia (this runs its course of two to three years and progresses slowly. This is usually the type that effects the adults).

Further, depending on the type of white blood cells that are affected, leukaemia can be classified into various categories. If lympo-

BELOW: Brain haemorrhage in leukaemia.

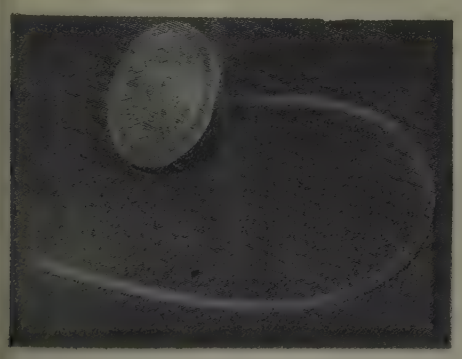


eytes are effected then it is called lymphoid leukemia. Again, if it progresses rapidly, then it is called acute lymphoid leukaemia and if its growth is slow then it is known as chronic lymphoid leukaemia. Similarly, when myelocytes are effected it is called myeloid leukaemia which can again be acute or chronic, depending upon its rate of spread. There are several other minor varieties, but they are best omitted here to avoid too much complexity.

As far as the causes are concerned, there are several misbeliefs that are prevalent among lay people. Some think that is is viral in origin, while others blame genetic defects for it.

But nothing has been proved definitely as yet. There are certain factors, certain situations and certain requirements by which, when accumulated, leukaemia can develop. Of these, exposure to X-rays is an outstanding cause. Too much radiation has been found to be associated with blood cancers. In olden times radiologists who were not taking adequate precautions used to suffer from this desease more than others. Many Japanese suffered from this disease after the atomic bomb blast over Hiroshima, so much so that one out of 100 people who survived developed blood cancer. Therefore, one should be cautious about radiation hazards and avoid exposure to radiation as much as possible.

The majority of victims of leukaemia complain of pain in their bones—not any particular bone, but a general ache. This is one of the typical symptoms. Intermittent fever, anaemia and unusual bleeding are other important symptoms. A slight injury resulting in prolonged bleeding should be viewed with concern. These patients also bleed considerably from their gums. They are prone to easy infection in their gums which causes gingivitis.



Omaya pump.

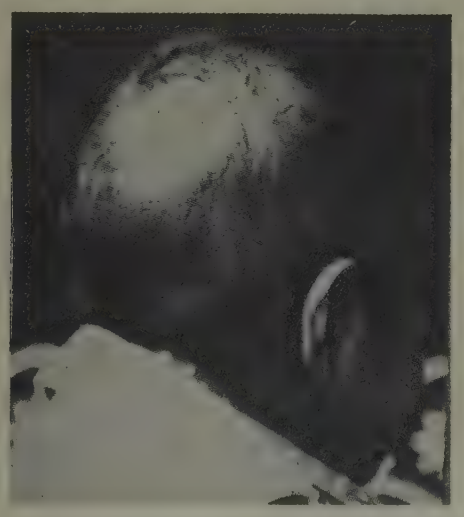
Lymphonodes at various places in the body like the neck, the axillae, the groin, etc. may be enlarged and palpable. The liver and spleen also become enlarged, likewise several other organs of the body are affected by these abnormal blood cells of leukaemia, e.g. the eyes, the brain, etc. Anaemia is sometimes a prominent symptom of this disease and sometimes it may be the only symptom of leukaemia. Therefore, intractable anaemia should draw one's attention to the possibility of leukaemia.

As the symptoms are usually mild it is imperative that whenever one gets any of the above mentioned symptoms medical advice should be taken without losing precious time. It may not be anything big, but one must not take a chance with a deadly disease like leukaemia. All one needs to do is to get his blood examined, which is a very simple and inexpensive procedure. Once leukaemia is suspected, then further investigations should be promptly undertaken to understand its nature fully. A small sample of the bone morrow where the blood cells are produced can be taken. This biopsy usually settles the issue beyond reasonable doubt. At times surgeons find this disease during routine pre-operative check up of blood and now, as more and more people go for regular check-ups, it is revealed during these check-ups.

Medicines occupy the pride of place in the management of leukaemia and a judicious combination of several anti-leukaemia drugs are now proving very effective. With methodical and regular medications and check-ups at regular intervals, the chances of a cure have increased manifold. Rarely is surgery needed. And now radio-

Swollen gums in leukaemia.

BELOW: Omaya pump fitted in a child's brain.



therapy, that is treatment with X-rays, can also be used in some cases.

Various combinations of drugs, called the cocktail of medicines, are used with excellent results in various types of leukaemia. Therefore, it is imperative to first know the type of leukaemia and then use the proper combination for the desired effect. This way, the chances of developing resistance to one particular drug are also minimised.

Besides the chemotherapy of leukaemia, supportive treatment is equally important — treatment of various symptoms, timely blood transfusions, treatment of infections, etc. Keep the patient symptom free and keep him in ideal health for the drugs to work. In leukaemia the body defence system is very weak; therefore, antibiotics have to be used to keep infections away. At times it is necessary to give transfusion of white cells to boost body defences. Fresh blood transfusions not only compensate for blood loss and defective clotting but also give the bone marrow a chance to recover.

To prevent leukaemia from affecting the brain, a small plastic pump has been developed. With the help of surgeons, this pump, called the OMAYA PUMP, is fitted into the brain. In this anti-leukaemic drugs are stored and can be pumped into the brain from time to time. This pump provides the brain with an effective concentration of these drugs, thereby preventing the sure deaths that used to ensue due to the spread of leukaemia to the brain. Along with this pump, X-ray treatment to the brain is also given to save it. This pump was developed by an Indian doctor.

There is a kind of vaccine therapy called immunotherapy that has a role in the management of leukaemia. It differs from ordinary vaccines because in this, leukaemia cells are injected into the body and these injections have to be repeated several times every week. Along with this it is advisable to give B.C.G. vaccine to the patient.

As far as the precautions are concerned, we must emphasise the fact that this disease is deadly and must be controlled as early as possible. Unfortunately, the early symptoms are few and very vague. Therefore, one has to be on constant and careful vigil. Repeated fevers, anaemia, abnormal bleeding, repeated gum troubles should be viewed with concern and one should get these checked immediately to find out whether they are caused by leukaemia. Ear, nose and throat specialists discover these cases more than others and they bring a lot of unsuspected and symptom free victims to the notice of medical oncologists.

Home remedies, treatment by unqualified persons, may result in wasting precious time and then it may be too late to bring this disease under control.

At the cancer research institute in the U.S.A. about 35,000 new drugs are investigated every year and as a result several new drugs are added to our armament. Bone marrow transplantation is also raising new hopes for the future. Therefore, the outlook for the victims of this disease is bright and now there is no need to despair. All that is required of you is to be on the lookout for the symptoms and register yourself for a blood check-up at the slightest doubt. You may save yourself or your child by this simple precaution.

Devi

Jalal Agha shaved his head, put on a gown (gaudy pink colour), six-inch heels and compered the Lions' Award Night show. I still can't decide which was worse — his sense of humour or his attire. And imagine, Jalal was the best thing at the award show, which had a scantily filled hall and a half-filled stage. Gulzar, Sharmila, Rahul came late, straight from the "Kinara" premiere.

After which, Sharmila sat away from Gulzar's chair, almost in Sanjeev's chair — to

RAAJ KUMAR TEACHES URDU

prove to the public that she had nothing to do with Raakhee's absence that night. Sharmila, however, was the most applauded. She was the only lean female between Farida Jalal and Katy Mirza. Katy has scraped off her busts, but has developed extra flesh on her thighs and calves. These days she exposes a beefy thigh and calf.

Ah, yes! Then there was Kishore Kumar wearing gold and white heels. He had come to collect his past three years' awards too. Better late than never. And Kishore reminds me. The No. 2 position (that is the only one that keeps shifting) has gone to Yesudas. Raaj Kumar also decided to go in for a face lift for his career. So, besides the wig, a wad of Banarasi paan, he will now borrow Yesudas's voice.

At the "Ulfat" recording, he even opened a crash course in Urdu for all of us in general and Yesudas in particular. Victims were Kalyanji-Anandji and producer Razdan, because by the time Raaj Kumar corrected Katil's grammar, Yesudas's pronunciation, Kalyanji's tune used to get loose. At last, when Raaj Kumar remembered another appointment and loosened his grip on Yesudas, the poor man got his voice back and the "Ulfat" song was recorded.

"You will have no hair left," some onlooker told producer Razdan.

"Don't worry, at the end of the film's shooting Raaj Kumar will present you with a wig," I told Razdan.

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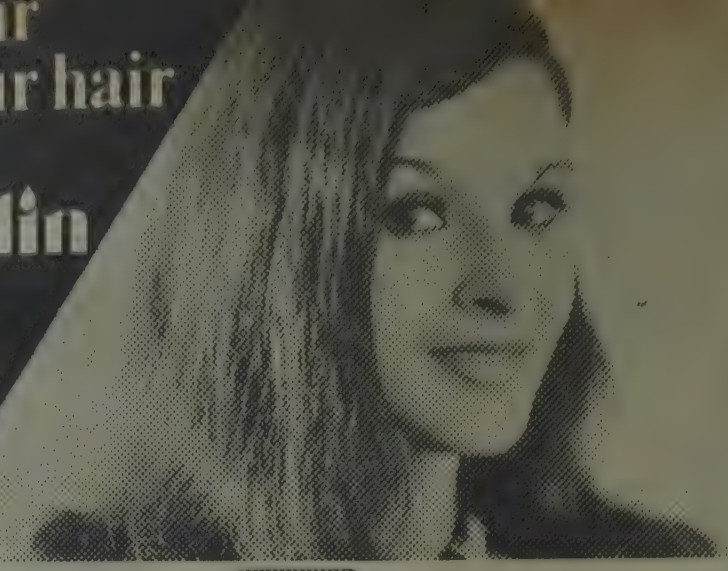

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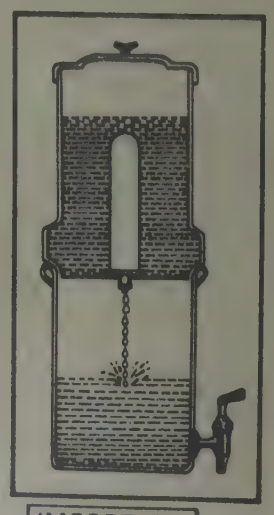
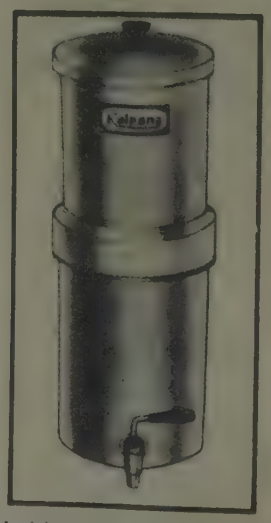


SAVES HEALTH MONEY AND TIME



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people known

Some people can never take 'no' for an answer. **Sylvian Saudan** is one of them. After being repulsed in his attempt to conquer the Himalayan Peak, The Nun, last year, Saudan, or the "impossible skier," as he is called, has returned again, full of vigour and fresh enthusiasm, determined to scale and ski down the 7,135 metre peak this time. The expedition is expected to cost Saudan about $ 60,000, mainly because Saudan has equipped himself with a lot of heavy equipment and a large quantity of provisions so that he can camp on the mountains for a long time, if the weather "does not behave itself."

It looks as though the Himalayas, too, will soon be conquered by the skier, who has skied down most of the well-known peaks in Europe and the U. S. The conquest of The Nun, when it is accomplished, will be a "beginning" for Saudan — who hopes to move on to discover the rest of the Himalayas. But the task is a difficult one.

Fortunately, for him, the "impossible skier" has been known to achieve the impossible.

* * *

How discourteous! The Ratlam District Congress Committee just forgot to turn up to meet **Mrs. Pratibha Patil,** when she visited Ratlam. Worse still, the Committee failed to organize the election meeting which Mrs. Patil, the Maharashtra Minister of Education, had gone to Ratlam to address. This in spite of the fact that the Madhya Pradesh Congress Committee had earlier issued instructions to the Ratlam DEC to hold the election meeting! Surely the Committee should learn how to behave towards a lady — and a lady Minister at that!

As it has turned out, **Candy,** in spite of her glamorous name, is not a Film Institute student after all. The great issue raised over the admission of Vijaya Kumari, nicknamed Candy, to the F. T. I. I, (Film and T.V. Institute) without her having passed the competitive entrance examination, has turned out to be a storm in a tea cup. Allegations about vested interests and by-passing of rules have been proved false. Mr Jagat Murari, Director of the F.T.-I. I., clarified in a statement that, while Candy was very much an inmate of the Women's Hostel at the F. T. I. campus, she was not a student of any of the courses conducted by the Institute. She was, instead, staying there only because she probably liked the idea of living in the F. T.-I. I. campus and wished to learn dancing there. She paid rent for the lodging facility. Candy was obviously not the only outsider who has stayed on the campus — special permission has been granted in other cases too. Why then was she chosen to be the subject of the controversy?

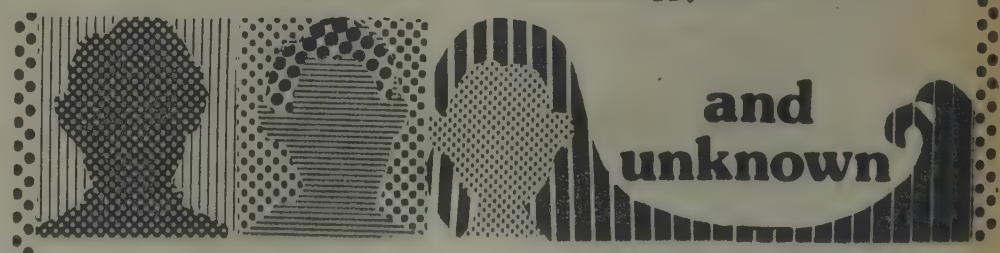
* * *

Dissatisfied with the working and findings of the Mathew Commission that had been set up to enquire into the cause of her husband's death, **Mrs. Kameshwari Mishra,** widow of L. N. Mishra, former Railway Minister, has urged the Prime Minister to order a fresh probe into the matter. In a press conference, Mrs. Mishra submitted a written statement to reporters emphasizing her loss of faith in the Mathew Commission. According to Mrs. Mishra, the Commission worked in a superficial manner and only went through the motions of conducting a probe. Her deepest grievance is that her opinion about who the guilty party could be was never asked for, neither were the facts of the case sought out. Now that the Emergency has been lifted, Mrs. Mishra felt free to say that she suspected the hand of a political party in the murder of her husband at the Samastipur Railway Station. If a fresh probe was ordered, and she was questioned, she would state her suspicions.

Mrs. Kameshwari Mishra has a right to express her dissatisfaction. And it is only fair that she be given a chance to speak her mind about Mr. Mishra's murder.

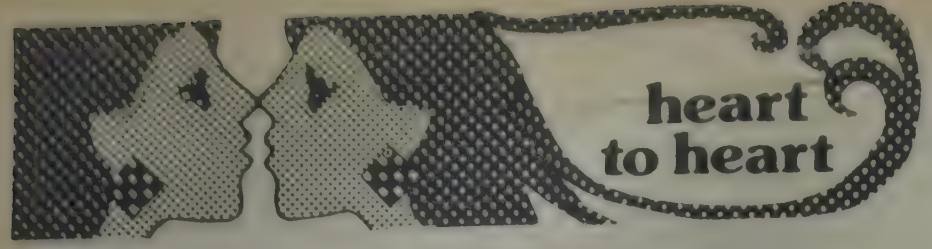
At least it will give her the joy of bringing those guilty of his death, into the hands of the law.

President **Idi Amin,** decided to play safe, and keep away from where he was not welcome. The Ugandan President had been keeping tensions high among the British. They had almost decided to impose a formal ban on his attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference, and were almost certain Mr. Amin would not respect the ban. Added to this fear was the danger that Amin would, with his reputation for the spectacular, do something that would rob even the Queen's Jubilee celebrations of all their glamour and eye-appeal. And the celebrations being the carefully planned project they are — the British could not take kindly to any scene-stealing. As things turned out, Amin decided to stay home and Britain, the Queen, Prime Minister Callaghan, and all, heaved a sigh of relief. Only the newsmen covering the conference were probably disappointed. They would have been guaranteed a news-happy time!



Jivanlal Patni of Waley Village, Aurangabad District, was a self-willed man. Early in June, Patni sent a memorandum of demands to officials ranging from the Village Sarpanch to the Chief Minister. His demands included an immediate solution to the village's acute water shortage problem. If the demands were not met, Patni said, he would immolate himself. Then Patni went "underground." Instead of trying to fulfil his demands, the officials tried to locate Patni. A day before his deadline, Patni poured kerosene on his clothes and burned himself to death. The water shortage continues to be acute in Waley, Dist. Aurangabad.

Compiled by Sathya Saran



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HE WANTS A DIVORCE

My husband married me under the coercion of his parents. Actually they also did not like me, but they had an eye on my father's property, which I came to know after the marriage. At no point after the marriage did my husband show that he was not happy with the relationship. After a month's stay in India, he left for the U.S.A. promising to send me a sponsorship letter. Seven months have passed and he has not sent a single letter to me or my parents. Our letters and telephone calls and attempts at reconciliation are all futile.

Recently a petition for dissolution of marriage filed by him in the U.S.A. was served on me. I have replied it through my lawyer, who says that my husband's petition will stand no ground as it shows no genuine grounds for dissolution of the marriage.

Under such circumstances, do you think it worthwhile for me to still hope for a chance to reconcile or should I proceed with the divorce?

Your husband has put in a petition for dissolution of marriage, hence it would not be worthwhile on your part to pressurise him legally or otherwise to continue with this marriage. If you do, you will have to spend a miserable existence if he refuses to adjust, even if legal orders are passed that you stay together. A marriage works if both give it a try and that may not be possible with his present attitude.

Now that you are just married and have no children, it is best not to contest the petition, and grant him he divorce. Then you will be free of an unhappy marriage and you can choose a more suitable partner in future.

You should have no regrets in taking this step, on the contrary, it is good that he showed his true colours now. Else you would have ruined your life in an unhappy union.

BARRIER TO MARRIAGE

I am a Hindu non-brahmin, aged 22, and well settled. The girl whom I love is 19. We love each other deeply. Our parents will certainly oppose our marriage as she is not of the same caste. We therefore want to have a registered marriage. If we do so, will we be happy? What are the preliminaries required for a registered marriage?

Since both of you love each other deeply and are majors, it is best to have a registered marriage, or a quiet marriage with Hindu rites and ceremonies. There is no reason why your marriage should be unhappy if both of you make all the efforts necessary for a successful marriage. Yes, blessings of parents give a mental and emotional satisfaction, but this need not worry you unduly, as the parents will come round. They will accept the fact as time goes by, and you and your wife can gradually win them over, and see that they have no regrets over this match.

Regarding a registered marriage, you will have to meet the Registrar or Officer of Registered Marriages in the Civil Court or Office of Registered Marriages in your area or State. He will furnish you with all detailed information with regard to such matters, e.g. a month's notice to be given before marriage, the witnesses necessary, the ceremony etc.

DOWNWARD PATH

Continued from page 19

Was it true that Ministers among the other VIPs waited on Rukhsana at her jewellery shop?

"Well, there were lines of people both at Dojana and here in my house, but I have a strict rule, I meet people strictly by turn. So some Ministers had to wait their turn!"

Why did Ministers come to see her?

"Just to greet me!" It came out however that some people who went to see her were looking for some favour or the other. "I took their requests to Sanjay but he said we should stick to our own little work and not get mixed up in other people's affairs," she added.

Rukhsana said she had sacked two of her drivers and other servants because there was "corruption growing all around." She was trying to engage a new driver when I called on her.

Was she trying to shake off everyone around her who knew everything about her life during the past year or two?

Mrs. Shyamla Pappu, well-known Supreme Court lawyer who resigned her position as senior Government Counsel after the fall of the Indira Government and was a frequent visitor to No. 1 Safdarjung Road, bears out Mrs. Ambika Soni. Asked if she ever spoke to Mrs. Gandhi about police excesses, Mrs. Pappu said she did mention them to her a few times. Mrs. Gandhi said she would look into them. But nothing seemed to have happened. "The system became so personalised and so over-centralised that Mrs. Gandhi had no time either to bestow considered thought on what was told to her or take effective steps to deal with the situation. I for one did not have the slightest clue about the enormity of the excesses now coming to light. One imagined at the time that it was a little police excess here or there, threats of MISA, family planning and demolition, etc. Many people who were personally devoted and loyal to Mrs. Gandhi were not even seeing her. They were completely alienated and had no rapport with anyone surrounding her. The Congress Party members resented Sanjay's interference in political matters."

What did Mrs. Pappu think of Sanjay?

"I did come in contact with him on a couple of occasions and I found him not only intelligent but concerned about the poor and the downtrodden. He talked about everything from the poor man's point of view and said whatever helped the poor was good for the country."

Mrs. Pappu said she was doing legal aid work in the premises of the Youth Congress every Saturday morning along with a group of lawyers. Cases which came to the Youth Congress were also referred to them. "The Youth Congress was engaging itself in a number of useful activities. The emphasis was on helping the poor, the weak and the vulnerable. Women gained much from these activities."

In Mrs. Pappu's view, Mrs. Gandhi's defeat "is a total defeat for women. To rehabilitate ourselves we have to start again from a totally new angle. We don't identify ourselves with Mrs. Gandhi but she stood as an example of feminine success and fantastic achievements not only among women but among stalwarts. Can we forget her achievements in Bangla Desh, normalisation of relationships with Pakistan and her technological achievements?"

Much has been written about why the Congress lost. Mrs. Pappu said, "I think there was a great deal of infiltration into the Youth Congress ranks and these forces were working for the downfall of the Congress. The other reason was a total communication gap which did not allow Mrs. Gandhi to assess the situation. Family planning and other programmes which were in the interest of the people were extremely unimaginatively and probably even mischievously executed to bring the party a bad name. Even during the election campaign in some parts of UP, compulsory sterilisation was being resorted to. The Congress became complacent and overconfident and lost its contact with the people — a must for any leadership."

What was the people's reaction to Mrs. Gandhi losing the election?

According to Mrs. Pappu, "Nobody expected Mrs. Gandhi to lose and it was the biggest shock even to those who opposed her Party. In fact people cried when she lost but said they had voted against her because they feared that if she came back to power those who wielded power without any authority would also come back. All sections of the people were alienated and antagonised — Government servants because of stringent disciplinary measures, compulsory retirements, family planning, postponement of promotions and increments in order to promote sterilisation; farmers, because of sterilisation excesses; the public at large due to indiscriminate arrests, traders because of harassment for donations from self-styled Youth Congress leaders who did not give receipts. Last but not the least the leftist elements who had stood by Mrs. Gandhi were dubbed traitors."

Subhadra Joshi, a long-standing friend of Mrs. Gandhi was treated shabbily. Mrs. Joshi read to me several letters she had written to Mrs. Gandhi on the plight of the people at Turkman Gate, urging her to visit the area. All Mrs. Gandhi had to say on the subject was that Mrs. Joshi was obstructing family planning work! She had nothing to say in reply to Mrs. Joshi who pointed out in letter after letter that thousands of poor people, slum dwellers in the Capital, had been dumped on barren land, miles out of the city without even a straw roof over their heads to ward off the rain. In one letter she demanded that "racketeers" who were torturing the poor in the name of slum clearance and beautification and bulldozing homes be brought to book. That sealed the fate of a life-long friendship.

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU !

Continuing the series on opportunities for social service in our cities, the organisations in Pune are dealt with in this article

Farida Sajan

Trailing a plume of dust and a rabble of urchins, a car pulled up in front of a slum at Yeravada. Tiny tots peered out of their little huts to find out who the visitors were and their eyes shone when they saw their loving friends from Terre Des Hommes (India) who had come to meet them.

Terre Des Hommes is a child welfare organisation. It recently organised a medical survey which brought to light some shocking facts about the health of slum children. The survey covered children below seven years. Out of the 1000 children screened, only 20 per cent were barely normal, i.e. without dermatitis or serious physiological disorders. 100 per cent of the children were suffering from some form of gastro-enteritis or the other; 25 per cent of them had advanced scabies and 50 per cent were in various stages of malnutrition and vitamin deficiency.

With these statistics in hand, Terre Des Hommes has been systematically tackling the problem of the children in the Yeravada slum. The first step taken was to immediately set up a children's medical clinic with the help of the doctors of the Arogya Dakshata Mandal. The clinic has now been able to identify and treat individual cases and a follow-up of every child that goes through the clinic is maintained with the help of the local mandal.

To tackle the children who are suffering from malnutrition and vitamin deficiency, Terre Des Hommes has set up a Day Care Centre, where these children are given a well-balanced and nutritious diet and at the same time looked after during the day. The organisation now has many important tasks on hand — setting up of community health programme and mass education on hygienic environment and personal hygiene.

CAN YOU HELP?

Terre Des Hommes has set up balwadis catering to around 200 children, giving them pre-primary education. It has plans for setting up a vocational training programme for the teenagers and unemployed youth.

Beyond this activity in the slum, Terre Des Hommes has also undertaken sponsorship of children from the Kamayani School for Mentally Handicapped Children. It also has plans to set up a balsadan in the outskirts of Pune for orphaned children. Are you willing to spare free time for Terre Des Hommes, or do you have any special skills that you can offer for field work? If the answer is YES contact this organisation.

Though genuine, the cause of the mentally handicapped all over the world has evoked very little sympathy and even less response to appeals for help. The Kamayani Udyog Kendra for the mentally retarded in Pune is no exception. Over the last 20 years, Dr. Roshen S. Master has fought a long, ardous and painfully slow, but winning battle with society in general and the parents of the mental subnormals in particular, to educate them

Why does one embrace such a frustrating cause and spend one's energy and resources on such a heart breaking battle? One has only to see some of the trained at the Kamayani school to know the answer. Their eagerness to please and learn, the gleam in their eyes when even a simple task such as lacing the shoes, threading the correct number of beads in a set pattern of colours, making colourful rakhis or greeting cards to sell, keeping count of the number of polythene bags made, is very gratifying and soul satisfying.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

Dr. Roshen Master states that innumerable questions are asked such as, "Can a developing nation like ours, waste resources to train almost useless humans who would fetch very poor returns?" The answer to this is, "Would the normal person stoop to doing the repetitious menial chores that would fetch very low returns?"

Dr. Roshen Master says, "We do not look for pity for our charges, we are seeking help for them, for we believe that a subnormal has just as much right to work, earn a livelihood and become a useful citizen and live in human dignity as any other person". She quoted Edmund Burke: "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us go on, for God's sake let us go on . . . and on. . . and on. . . and do something worthwhile."

ANANDGRAM — A VERITABLE HAVEN

In India, the problem of leprosy prevention and eradication presents a challenge which must be tackled with devotion and dedication. "Anandgram" is a place where excellent results are shown, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Dr. Indu Patwardhan who is like a mother to the inmates.

An atmosphere of happiness prevails here, and the lepromats, though treated as outcastes by society, are self-reliant. They have the strength of forbearance and are really trying to liven up life. They are grateful to OXFAM, London, for donating 18 acres of agricultural land. This keeps them occupied with cultivation of crops and vegetables.

Among them they have ironmongers, bricklayers, electricians, carpenters and other craftsmen. They have started occupations such as handloom, a flour mill, cobblers' work, poultry, sheep keeping, sewing and knitting and carpentry.

THE CRECHE

What's more wonderful then hearing the carefree laughter of small children? Little bundles of joy clapping their tiny hands welcomed me as I stepped into the Toddler's Home—a creche run by the Shivajinagar Mahila Mandal. This Palnaghar has been running since five years. There are many children and they are perfectly at home here. The atmosphere is homely and the children do not feel that they are away from home.

LEFT : Slum children relish the food supplied by the Terre Des Hommes at the day care centre.

Chappals for export. This is the speciality of the lepromats of Anandgram. One of the inmates is busy at the workshop.

When I visited the creche, a five-year-old girl had just returned from school. She has been at this creche since she was a year old. As her mother works the whole day, she remains in the creche till evening.

HOME FOR BLIND CHILDREN

The Pune School and Home for the Blind started with the aim of giving educational facilities, and craft and industrial training to blind children with a view to equip them to maintain. themselves independently with their own efforts after they complete their school education.

There was an urgent need for a separate building and a school for the girls. Hence a separate school for girls has been started at Kothrud. At present 49 blind girls are undergoing training.

As long as there is life on earth, there will continue to be a craving for love and companionship. Somewhere, somebody needs you. Will you help?

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU !

WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO

NAME OF THE ORGANISATION	ADDRESS	SOCIAL SERVICES RENDERED	WHOM TO CONTACT	VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR	TIMINGS
Anandgram Society, Leprosy Rehabilitation Centre	Dudalgaon, Near Devachi, Alandi. Office: 6, Boat Club Road, Pune-1.	A House for Lepromats, prevention of leprosy in rural areas.	Dr. Indu Patwardhan. Tel: 24028	To help in the furtherance of the leprosy eradication task.	As per convenience of volunteer.
Kamayani Udyog Kendra, School for Mentally Handicapped Children.	1187/64, Shivajinagar, Pune-5.	A home and school for mentally handicapped children.	Mrs. Sindhu Joshi	To teach and spend some time with the inmates.	As per convenience of volunteers
Terre Des Hommes (India)	G-25, Shanti Kunj, Opp. GPO. 4, Sadhu Vaswani Kunj Road, Pune-1. Tel: 26938	Project for child welfare, slum development, sponsorship of children from the Kamayani School for Mentally Handicapped Children.	Mr. Subramaniam	Volunteers who have any special skills that they can offer for field work or fund raising activities.	9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.
The Pune School and Home for the Blind	14/17, Koregaon Park, Pune-1. Tel: 22986	Educational facilities and industrial training to blind children.	Mrs. M. D. Desai, Lady Superintendent	To read English, Marathi, Hindi for students.	As per convenience of volunteers
The Poona School and Home for Blind Girls	Near Gandhi Bhavan, Kothrud, Pune-29.	School and residential home for blind girls where crafts, stitching, and sewing, cooking are taught.	Mrs. M. D. Desai	To read English, Marathi, Hindi for students.	As per convenience of volunteers
Palnaghar	Opp. Sambhaji Park, Jangli Maharaj Rd., Pune-5.	Running a creche since 5 years.	Mrs. Shashikala Kanhare	To look after children.	As per convenience of volunteers
Dost Mohamed Peer Mohamed Orphanage for Muslim Girls	Bund Garden Rd., Pune-1.	A home for the Muslim orphan girls. They run a high school too.	The Principal	To help the girls to learn sewing, handicrafts, etc.	As per convenience of volunteers
Mother Teresa's Home for the Destitutes	Near Edward Hotel, Behind Pune Railway Station, Pune-1.	A home for the destitutes and the down-trodden.	Sister Britto	To help cheer up the inmates and teach them some craft.	As per convenience of volunteers
The Widows' Home	Near Mahatma Gandhi bus stand, New Pool Gate, Pune-1.	Home for widows.	Mother Superior	To help cheer up the widows.	As per convenience of volunteers
Kantaben Mahila Udyog Kendra	1169, Budhwar Peth, Near Shanipar, Pune-2.	A kendra for women who cook foodstuffs and earn money.	Mr. Z. Sharma	To help women to sell their foodstuffs.	As per convenience of volunteers
St. Crispin's Home	Erandwana, Pune-4.	A school and home for orphans and destitutes.	Sister Superior	To look after the children and teach them at the school.	As per convenience of volunteers

KARATE FOR SELF-DEFENCE

Continued from page 25

frontal confrontation, grabs er bag and tries to flee, an effective way of combating his move is to slam the heel of her open palm hard against his nin, and simultaneously kick her eel into his instep. That gives er the second she needs to snaih her bag back. Note, however, she pushed hard enough she ould break his teeth or dislocate his jaw, of very easily break is instep.

It's twice as tough to face an pponent and not injure him han to hit him and injure him. That's what karate's all about—ontrol of mind and muscle. One earns to aim at points of contact vhich can take punches without ndue damage.

And it takes a pretty long time o strike a good punch, apparenly. "The fist must be absolutely ight with the thumb facing inwards. It has to come out in a traight line with the elbow lose to the body. The hand urns at the point of contact vith maximum force. Simultanously the other hand is pulled ack to give power to the hand hat administers the punch. The oint of contact is made with he first two knuckles — aim at he solar plexus or the bridge of he nose." Thus spake Mehroo Mistry, Sensei's wife. More about er later . . .

Before a student is given a elt, the latter's "spirit and maurity" are taken into consideraion, apart from his/her speed, nesse and mastery over movements, because karate could be nisused in the hands of an imnature person. And before a stuent is even admitted into this cademy, Pervez Mistry as techical director has to judge whether the man/woman is capable f learning.

Belts are given on the basis of xaminations consisting of a eries of tests where the student s tested physically, non-stop, for n hour. The procedure is to get hree white ratings, followed by hree brown ratings before the tudent is eligible for a black elt. A white belt can be obtaind in ten months, depending on he regularity with which one ractises. It usually takes three ears before a student is eligible or a black belt. Only one out of thousand, according to SA offiials, can get a black belt, he passing grade for which is 3 per cent. The graduation calls or vigorous physical practice three time a week), persevernce, dedication, and, of course, kill in mastering katas.

In Bombay there are just five lack belts. Of these Pervez tops he rank as a fighting black elt holder of the third degree in udo and karate. The degrees ange from one to ten.

So far no woman has made it the black belt level. Pervez's ife Mehroo is a blue belt holder in judo. She got her yellow, orange and green belts before that, and has participated in national championships in Delhi where she won a gold medal in her weight group. She has given up judo for a while and now concentrates on karate. Having reached the students' second grade she recommends karate to Indian women, a vast majority of whom don't indulge in any sport after the school level. Sharing her husband's interests she

Purse-snatching

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

finds this a wonderful way of spending the evenings and keeping trim.

Both men and women are trained in the Academy together. There's no sex discrimination at all. Suppose a girl is attacked on the road, surely she isn't going to be attacked by a member of her own sex, they reckon. Readiness is all. And although the physical prowess of a woman may not be equal to that of a man, "What we lack in power we make up in speed," said Mehroo. And as they train they build up power without building up muscle.

Mehroo is a shining example of a working woman who finds time to run a home, rear a child and devote time to the art of karate. It doesn't interfere with her work at the office or her housework.

How on earth do two married karateka manage to settle their differences peacefully with such a deadly ability at their fingertips? The Mistrys have no problem. Karate's ideal has been realised in Pervez Mistry, if not in Mehroo. "I lose my head quite often. But not Pervez, he's so cool. I guess this can be attributed to his training in judo and karate," said Mehroo.

Three beginners — **Mukyo Bi Chiyobi** — Kathleen Bengali, Perin Panday and Anahita Doctor have been learning karate for the past year. All three maintain that it helps them "physically, emotionally and mentally." Anahita, seventeen, would rather attend class than go on a date, if she were to choose. "Your mind is at rest, when you do kata. If you have a problem it's easier to solve after you've exercised your body and mind at karate classes," is her opinion. A feeling of "calm of mind all passion spent" pervades.

The classes don't interfere with their studies — they're all students. Fifteen-year-old Perin asserted, "We come here and apply our minds to our work at home with much more concentration." Karate refreshes them.

It doesn't matter to them that they don't look their best while doing kata. Nor do they feel self conscious while emitting kiai which is an inherent part of any kata. They're indifferent to people's taunts about having a passing fancy for a fad. They enjoy the classes and the annual camps where regular sessions are held for one week. Perhaps karate could provide a medium for a lot of youngsters to shed a lot of their inhibitions, besides improving their personalities.

Apart from teenaged girls there are youngsters — boys and girls — who show a lot of promise at SA classes. Isn't there a danger of kids turning into bullies and becoming over-agressive as a result of training in karate? Mehroo Mistry thinks not. The right age to start, according to her, is seven. "Children pick up moves much faster, they're more supple. Some of the little boys have a stamina that is on a par with older boys!" They have special games. Among the girls, eleven-year-old Seema in one-and-a-half years has graduated to the Yon Kyu stripes level already.

A lot depends on the kind of teacher you have. The Seibukan Academy is fortunate in that Pervez's grade is recognised by the World Union of Karatedo. Besides, Pervez and Burge Cooper have also passed an international referee's exam which enables them to judge and referee Shiai — pure competitions — at an international level.

Karate has been popularised, specially in the West, as a sport. Competitions are held periodically in various parts of the world. Contact is not made in contest karate. There are specific rules and regulations established by the sponsors which have to be adhered to. Pervez participated in the World Tourment at Los Angeles in '73. Indian women, so far have not featured in any international tournaments.

Any martial art has a code of honour — loyalty to one's style, school, fellow students, human beings. A quaint feature, very noticeable at the class of the Seibukan Academy was the manner in which every student bowed in a typically Japanese fashion to the senior belts. Each class begins and ends with a **Rei** (Bow) which consists of thanking the master in front of the **Shinzen** (shrine or flag) in respect of the art.

DARK CORRIDOR

Continued from page 11

that this was the Portuguese for "Wait here". After what seemed to Corrie a long time, he returned with a man who was a gardener to an English couple living in the district. But again it was no use. The young priest had a good memory, but that day, March 19, had been busy with christenings and burials. After which he was engaged in initiating a new organist. Then he had gone home and not returned to the church until the hour for Benediction. But at no time had he seen Martin.

Corrie feverishly asked him a dozen or more questions; Hugh also. The interpreter shook his head each time, and reiterated that the priest had neither seen Senhor Ashley nor noticed him in the village.

She stopped and faced him. "But he couldn't have vanished."

"No, so let us continue our private detective job."

He glanced at a piece of paper on which he had made notes before leaving the hotel. "Suppose we get the driver to take us up to this place, Poiso, which is four thousand feet farther up. We could ask there, show Martin's photograph, etc.—couldn't we?"

Corrie nodded. She began to feel better. How nice Hugh was. In Poiso they called at the factory where so much wicker-work was handled. In ordinary circumstances Corrie would have been interested in all the baskets, or hampers, and the attractive wicker souvenirs. But just now her only thought was to question the husband and wife who owned the place.

Their answers were disheartening. They looked at the photographs and shook their heads. No such gentleman had come in to buy things here, or even to look at them. Corrie and Hugh repeated the formula questions all through Poiso. No one had seen Martin Ashley, besides which, most of the inhabitants had already received brief visits from the Funchal policia.

"Can't we try one more village?" she asked piteously. He found it difficult to deny her anything.

"I'll ask the driver where he thinks our next move should be." The chauffeur smiled, shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the sky. Clouds were gathering. He thought it wiser for them to descend to Funchal before the storm burst.

Hugh turned to Corrie, "I'll bring you up here again tomorrow and we'll comb the other villages."

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To be continued

people and events

World chairman Nana Chudasama administers the oath of office to the president of Giants Group of Chowpatty, Shirish Kapadia. In the centre is the chief guest, Mr. Vijay Merchant, and on extreme right is the group's vice-president, Mohan Shah.

BELOW: Mrs. Meena Dixit's exhibition of paintings at Bombay was inaugurated by the Sheriff, Dr. (Mrs.) Anjanabai Magar. At left is Mrs. Malati Karve.

ABOVE: Seen at the inauguration of "Gulestan" are (from left) Miss Asha Zhaveri, Miss Kalpana Jariwala, Mrs. Navaaz Karani; Miss Rajul Dalal, Miss Sona Samani, Miss Jeroo Sookhia, Mrs. Usha Shah and Miss Banoo Barodawala.

Mrs. Threety Irani presents a bouquet to Shahnaz Husain, who opened a branch of the Woman's World in Calcutta.

Seen at Zonta International's Area Conference held at Hotel President are (from left) Dr. (Mrs.) Khorshed D. P. Madon, founder-president of Zonta Club of Bombay II, Mrs. Brinda Gambers, president of Zonta Club of Bombay I, Mrs. Mera P. Shroff, area director, Mrs. Freny Irani, immediate past-president of Zonta Club of Bombay I, and Mrs. Gulestan Nargolwala, secretary of the Area Conference Committee.

EXT. LEFT: The artist couple, Mr. Elban Ali Hazarika and Deepika, are seen in front of their exhibits at the State Art Gallery, Gauhati.

LEFT: Mr. Navalbhai Shah, Gujarat Education Minister, gives Nina Parekh a testimonial for her work in the career planning programme conducted by the Rotary Club of Ahmedabad. Standing at extreme left is Ashokbhai Shah.

bombay

South Bombay Jaycees presented the 3rd Annual International Dolls Exhibition at the Jehangir Art Gallery. The exhibition was declared open by the Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Murli Deora.

Foreign dolls were loaned for the exhibition by the Consuls of Japan, Belgium, Israel, Thailand, Russia, Spain and Poland and from other countries by private collectors. One section was reserved for Indian dolls from the various states. Over 300 dolls were on display.

* * *

Addressing Giants at the installation of the Giants' Group of Chowpatty, Mr. Vijay Merchant complimented the Giants for their meaningful national programmes of family planning, low-cost housing and rat eradication, but said that the members should give equal importance to local priorities.

Mr. Shirish Kapadia was installed as the president of the Group, Mr. Mohan Shah and Mr. Trilok Varma as vice-presidents, Mr. Deepak Shroff and Mr. Prakash Gandhi as directors of administration and Mr. Harshad Mehta as director of finance. World Chairman Mr. Nana Chudasama presided.

* * *

International awards totalling Rs.13,750 for the year 1977-78 were announced by the Lady Tata Memorial Trust on the death anniversary of Lady Meherbai Dorabji Tata. The awards, comprising other grants which are given annually for study and research in the diseases of the blood with special reference to leukaemias, have been made this year to Dr. J. de N Bastos of Brazil, Dr. J. Grosslerner of France, Dr. H. T. Jacobs of Great Britain, Dr. P. Mignatti of Italy and Dr. Z. Havid of Israel.

The Trust also announced the award of eight senior scholarships of Rs. 600 per month and eight junior scholarships of Rs. 400 per month for scientific investigations on the alleviation of human suffering to be carried out in Indian institutions.

The senior scholarships have been awarded to Mr. S. Bisati, Dr. R. K. Goyal, Mrs. U. Goyal, Mrs. N. Gupta, Miss S. Gupta, Miss Bibi Jameela, Miss P. N. Pavri and Dr. (Miss) Neeti Sonea, while junior scholarships have been awarded to Miss M. S. Bamji, Miss M. Banerjee, Miss R. Datta, Mr. A. Gomes, Miss A. L. Gunay, Mr. Y. Ravindra Nath, Miss P. Pal and Miss M. H. do Rego.

The Lady Tata Memorial Trust was established in 1932 by the late Sir Dorabji Jamshedji Tata in memory of his wife, for promoting scientific research in India and abroad, mainly into the diseases of the blood.

The closing date for the Sultan Padamsee Playwriting Award sponsored by the Theatre Group has been advanced to August 31, 1977.

Entry forms and rules and regulations of the award are available from Pearl Padamsee, Secretary, Theatre Group, 70, Wodehouse Road, Bombay 400 005.

* * *

The Gulistan Finishing School and Domestic Institution recently held its Exhibition of Handicrafts by students and staff. The school, founded, nurtured and guided by the late Mrs. Mehroo Sukhia, has lived up to the fine traditions established by her and the items displayed by the young students were of a generally high standard.

The exhibition was inaugurated by the Editor of Eve's Weekly Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, who was taken around by Mrs. Nawaz Karani, Principal, and Miss Jeroo Sukhia.

* * *

The traditionally female preserve of Bharata Natyam was invaded by a male dancer Bali Ram —an Indian from the USA. His creditable performance at the Tejpal hall recently was given as a tribute to his gurus.

calcutta

A young artist, Kalyani Mahapatra, held an exhibition of her oil canvases at the Academy of Fine Arts. "Mother", "Livelihood", and "The Complaint" deserve special mention as the most impressive canvases.

* * *

Latika Katt, a sculptress from Baroda, held her first solo exhibition in Calcutta at the Decor Service art gallery. 19-year-old Latika shows a mature approach towards sculpture and uses bronze, aluminium, brass and plaster as her media.

The "Cyclist" in brass and a dynamic "Horse" in bronze are two of her outstanding pictures.

11-year-old Sujata Mehta of Loreto House has been awarded the first prize from among 14,800 entries in the Eastern Region for "Life at Sea". This was the third International Drawing Competition for school children organised by the World Wildlife Fund. The 2nd and 3rd prizes went to Malini Guha and Smita Agarwal respectively, both of the Modern High School.

pune

A Ramon Bonus Stamps dealers' meeting was held at Hotel Amir. Mr. Deepak Phatak, Divisional Sales Manager, explained the new and attractive offers for customers, which will also include foreign tours.

The dealers visited the Gift Centre to see the latest addition of gifts.

* * *

A fashion show was organised at the Air Force Officers' mess by the daughters of the officers.

Mrs. Leela Jain, wife of Air Commodore S. K. Jain, Air Officer Commanding Air Force Station, Pune, presented momentoes to the participants in the show and bouquets to Mrs. Marwa and Mrs. Rathore for their excellent direction and dress designs, and also to Flight Lieutanant Colville De Souza for competent compering of the show.

gauhati

An exhibition of commercial art by Mr. Elban Ali Hazarika and Batik paintings by Mrs. Deepika Ali Hazarika was held recently at the State Art Gallery, Gauhati. This is the first exhibition of commercial art and Batik paintings ever held in North-East India. Dr. H. K. Barua, Vice-Chancellor, Gauhati University, declared open the exhibition and Mr. S. P. Barua, Retired Director of Information and Public Relations, presided.

Mr. Hazarika graduated in Commercial Art from Lucknow University. Mrs. Deepika Hazarika is a pioneer in Assam of Batik painting and handicrafts.

Deepika is also planning to hold an exhibition of Batik paintings in Delhi in the near future.

calicut

At a general meeting of the Calicut Jaycettes here, chief guest Mrs. E. C. Vasanthakumari, Principal, Sree Narayan Guru College, Chelannur, made a strong plea that women should come forward to assert their rights to be equal with men in all spheres. She said that the women's liberation movement in the world has not yet gathered enough force due to the hesitancy on the part of a large number of women to take up the cause. To give it its proper significance the "Martha" movement had been set up to indicate the responsibilities and duties of housewives drawn from the Biblical story of Martha.

* * *

Mr. V. N. Raghava Panicker, Director, Social Welfare, Kerala, at a meeting convened under the auspices of the various women's organisations appealed to women to organise small industrial units and cottage industries on co-operative lines. The Social Welfare department would be distributing grants to them to the extent of Rs. 2000 to Rs. 3000 per unit and the proposal was to set up at least 150 units for women in the state in the current year.

world of eve

SANDHYA DESAI

Mrs. Sandhya Desai (36) took to dancing at a very young age and learned her first steps under Mrs. Mrinalini Sarabhai for three years. She studied Kathak for ten years under Mrs. Kumudini Lakhia, a renowned danseuse. She then took to teaching Kathak at the Kadambh School of Kathak Dances, Ahmedabad, run by Mrs. Lakhia.

Her moment of glory came when she visited Sri Lanka on a dancing tour with Mrs. Lakhia. Next she left for Seychelles with a troupe of seven under her. This tour was sponsored by our Government under the cultural exchange programme.

Sandhya is an M.A. with Psychology and Social Sciences. She was a lecturer in Phychology at the Nav Gujarat College for six years before she entered the dancing world. She has also appeared on Bombay, Ahmedabad and Delhi T.V.

Sandhya is married to Mr. Atul Desai, a vocalist of repute.

MATHANGI RAMAKRISHNAN

Dr. Mathangi Ramakrishnan, Professor of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, Kilpauk Medical College, Madras, is used to winning prizes. As a student, she walked off with the Johnstone Gold Medal, the President of India Silver Medal and the Panagal Prize. So getting two prizes at the conference of surgeons, New Delhi, was no surprise. One was the Susruta Gold Medal and the other, the prestigeous Hari Om Ashram Award of a sum of Rs. 10,000 for the best paper and thesis.

A dedicated doctor and teacher, Dr. Mathangi got her F.R.C.S. from London. Her work involves skin grafting, especially in the rehabilitation of patients after treatment of burns.

She runs a breast cancer detection clinic and is the president of the Lioness Club of Madras East.

Mathangi is married to a leading paediatric surgeon and has a nine-year-old daughter.

madam i'm adam

Have you ever had a jinx-up pal? In case your eyebrows are question marks, baby, lemme explain. A person who is jinxed is a guy to whom nothing happens but misfortune. Everything he touches turns to brass. If he picks a race horse, it runs backwards. If he walks in the dark, he falls down a manhole.

And that's not all. If you're around with a jinx, your own troubles parade in and climb on your shoulders.

* * *

Now that you savvy, let's start again. Have you ever had a jinx-up pal? Well, baby, a couple of years ago, I had one. We called him Calamity Bill. If you don't believe that some people attract misfortune, Calamity can serve up a hatful of statistics that would wipe the sneer off your face.

Believe me, accidents that started out to happen to someone else would detour and happen to him.

* * *

A jinx leads a pretty lonely life and so did Calamity. People shied away from him. Some touched wood when he passed, and some crossed their fingers to keep their stars favourable. The first time I met Calamity, I laughed at his reputation and told the guys to quit behaving like lame brains. Witches went out of fashion with ankle-length swimsuits, I said, and if you guys believe all this hokum, you should go see a head shrinker pronto.

So the lads exchanged glances and said, "Okay, tough guy, we dare you to spend a full day with Calamity."

I took them up on it, but had I known better, I'd have settled for something peaceful — like wrestling an octopus or robbing an eagle's nest.

* * *

The Government hadn't gone stark, raving mad as yet, so I said to Bill, "Let's start by sinking a few beers at the bar round the corner."

"Fine," said Calamity, and away we went. We hadn't gone ten yards when a goddam flower-pot tumbled off a first floor ledge and crash-landed on my shoulder. I yowled with pain and swore like a marine.

"Sorry," said Calamity, "but the boys warned you."

"Horse-feathers!" I said. "It was just an outside fluke."

* * *

When we reached the bar I was still rubbing my shoulder. I sank into one of those fold-up chairs with the X-type legs. A rivet tinkled loose and it collapsed under me and sent me sprawling. There were titters from people at surrounding tables.

"Hot damn!" I said as Calamity picked me up from the floor. I looked round and selected a sofa. "Let's see this hunk of stuffed-chair collapse," I said. It didn't.

"Sorry," said Calamity.

"For crossake quit apologising," I said. "It's just coincidence.

* * *

From then on, everything happened but an earthquake. A drunk weaving past our table ripped and fell on his kisser. Right off he accused Calamity of tripping him and swung his arm in a round-house punch. He missed Calamity by a mile but caught me square on the side of the neck. Somebody screamed. It was me! The drunk moved in for the kill and swung again. This time a passing waiter took the blow right on the sniffer and the tray he was carrying described a graceful arc and showered glasses and beer bottles onto a pop-eyed fat lady at the next table. Suddenly all hell broke loose and the drunk was trying to hit everyone in sight.

When Calamity and I managed to find the street again, we looked like we'd been rescued from an air-wreck.

* * *

"Now do you believe I'm jinxed?" said Calamity, gasping.

"Man," I gasped back. "Let's just spend the rest of the day listening quietly to the radio. Taxi, taxi."

The driver looked at us as if we were last week's fish but took us anyway. Yeah! He took us smack into a confectioner's window display. I gave up.

Thereafter, whenever Calamity showed, I touched wood, crossed my fingers, said a prayer and dived out of sight.

G'bye now!

Adam

next week

Eve's Weekly

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FAMILY PLANNING:
Spectacular success in China

COUSIN MARRIAGES:
What are the hazards?

AKSHARA THEATRE:
Laurels abroad, struggle at home

AMOL PALEKAR:
Actor-turned-director

conquering new horizons

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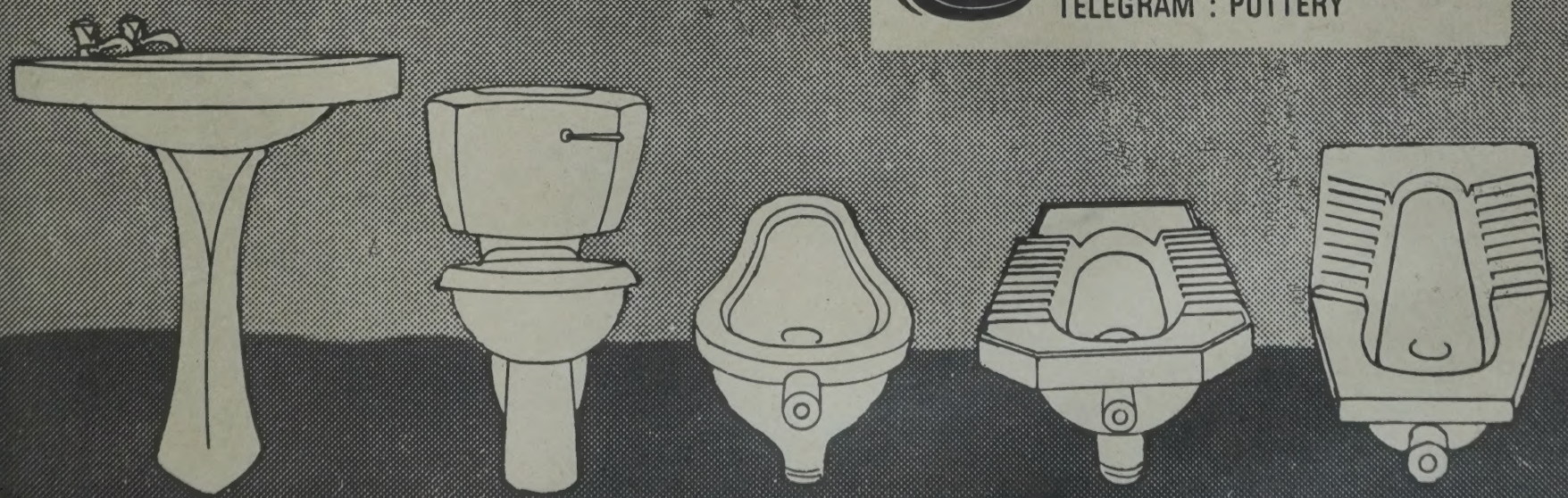

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